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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1691 JUNE 18, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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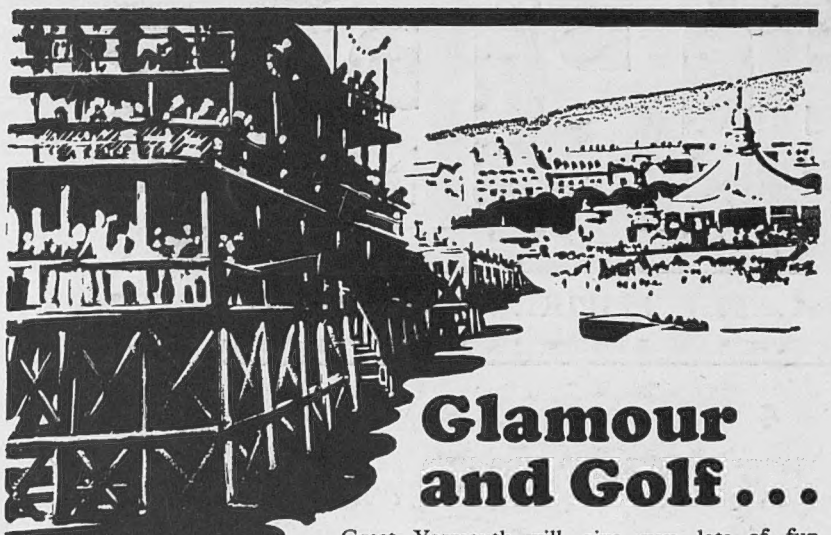

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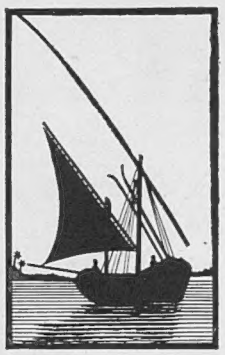

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 18, 1932

PREPARING FOR THE R.A.F. PAGEANT

Three Squadrons Flying in V Formation During Wing Drill near Bicester

June 25 is to flying what Wimbledon is to tennis and Lord's Week to cricket—the apex of the year, for on that date the annual R.A.F. Pageant at Hendon will be held. At many aerodromes all over the country strenuous efforts are being made to ensure a display eclipsing all previous pageants. This picture shows three Day Bomber Squadrons—Nos. 18, 33, and 57—at Upper Heyford Aerodrome, near Bicester. This is an aerial picture taken from one of the aeroplanes during the Hawker Harts Wing Drill. The flying in formation is in precision and accuracy to flying what a musical ride is to the Artillery

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: The arrival of the four-in-hand struck a note reminiscent more of the Equine than of the Petrol Age—a fitting embellishment to the great annual festival at the Surrey riverside town which was held during the latter part of last week

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, June 15, 1932.

ASCOT.—Ascot racecourse at dawn on June 14 and at dusk on the same day presents two very different pictures. The havoc which crowded humanity can wreak upon Nature or Art is indescribable. A plague of locusts or an intensive bombardment can do no more to change the smiling face of Nature into obscenity. Driving past the course the other day, Art seemed to me to have triumphed over Nature. The turf, so perfect and so smooth and glossy, a ribbon of emerald satin, has no counterpart in Nature. The rhododendrons, which grow round Ascot as easily as "stinking Willy" grows in less favoured spots, give to the course and to every smug villa within a four-mile radius an air of expensive pleasure and privileged luxury such as brooded once over Beau Nash's Bath and is echoed to-day by the Dorchester or Grosvenor House. The smaller houses, curiously enough, let fairly well at rents which seem huge to-day, though about half of what was confidently demanded six years ago. Half a dozen of the old guard still manage to take the larger houses to which they have a prescriptive right, and the ever-growing circle of Royal residents assures the fashionable appeal of Ascot for years to come. Never were the rhododendrons more glorious than this cold, wet year. No country on earth can show such a joy-corner for rich pleasure-seekers as Ascot—such glossy, smooth fairways and putting greens, such luxury villas and country clubs, such spick and span and up-to-date inns, such tamed and trim and coloured countryside; not a speck of dust is suffered to lie on those pink and pearl and mauve chalices. Lord, to remember those thick clouds of dust which powdered the beaux and belles of fashion in the ignorant and naughty nineties, for all our patent road-sprays.

WATERLOO.—June 18 is apparently an imperishable anniversary. It survives after a century of tremendous happenings. Yet very few anniversaries of decisive battles are remembered so long. Trafalgar Day is kept alive by the Navy League; Waterloo Day is remembered by the public without any assistance. And in this it is almost unique in its class. Will November 11, with official help, survive in public memory so long? I fancy it is due to the romance of Napoleon's career. There is no other career in history to compare with it. A week or two ago I was talking to a lady—not so old and very much alive mentally—whose father, when already a famous figure in public life, had a long conversation with Buonaparte on Elba. It seemed queer to me to be talking to a lady whose father was born in the century before last—born when survivors of Culloden were still telling personal experiences of the '45. It seemed queerer by the fact that our conversation turned largely on the B.B.C. programmes, Atlantic flying, and the League of Nations. I felt we should have been discussing the reckless speed of stage coaches and the high hopes of world settlement at the Fifth Congress of Vienna. But this lady has beaten Time at his own game—her feet have outrun him and left him panting after her in vain. To her Waterloo was only "the other day"—Napoleon and Foch great French commanders lately dead.

. . . .

Waterloo Day has another significance. We need fine weather immediately round June 18. We "need it in our business," those of us who are fond of shooting. A cloudburst at this time may well ruin the prospects of the shooting season. A wet anniversary of the great fight has too often proved the partridges' Waterloo.

. . . .

I don't suppose that the sportsman of limited means will ever have such a chance as this season for securing good shooting cheap. The grouse prospects are excellent and the lettings lag. Rents are constantly falling, and the man who dares to wait will pick up in Angus a big-figure moor for an old song. Last year Aberdeenshire and Forfar and the eastern parts of Perthshire had a bumper year, and there is little talk of disease. In England, also, guns in syndicates are going begging. Rough shoots can be picked up cheap, and many good shoots, never yet out of private ownership, are offered. For both pheasants and partridges the prospects are good. You can, by the way, now buy perfectly reliable cartridges at 12s. a hundred, about half what one cheerfully paid immediately after the War. Queer how one's thoughts turn to shooting, inevitably each year about June 18.

JIX.—Your hereditary Tory—peer or squire or Oxford don—is not the quintessence of Die-hard-ism. Your 100 per cent. Die-hard is the professional man who, not born in the purple of Toryism, borrows its tenets from his distinguished patrons. Such was Jix. A typical Englishman with all those characteristics which for generations have been as a red rag to the French bull. He was a roaring Nationalist, with a robust notion of the greatness of Britain and the dignity of her institutions. He would not have smiled at the traditional Tory-squire's aphorism, "God made a great mistake when he made foreigners." He was an evangelical and something of a Puritan. A true blue, who wore the blue ribbon prominently. And he rushed in with both feet wherever he felt that a breach was being forced in the barrier which preserved our ancient heritage and institutions from the invading seas of democracy. In this democratic age he seemed something of an anachronism, to many a desirable anachronism, to others a pompous survival of a bad old age. He belonged of right to the age of Palmerston. He was modelled on the character of the great Queen in whose age he was born. He stood for Church and State and (deducting his bottle of fine old port but adding a facility for expressing his opinions) he became by natural evolution the quintessence of the Tory squire of fiction. That is to say, a fine old Englishman, prejudiced but full of common sense, obstinate but very courageous.

HE CAN'T BE SURPRISED.—Since the Free State decided to drop Pilot Cosgrave and to rely for guidance amid the shoals of political life on the erratic genius of Valera, nothing has happened to modify the view of Northern Ireland that she has nothing to gain by a closer union with the Free State. On the contrary. One would say that Valera is out to seek trouble, to render his expressed aims as difficult of accomplishment as possible. Knowing, as well he knew, that the Senate would mangle the Oath Bill and produce the dilemma (either an immediate general election on that issue or a delay of eighteen months before the Bill becomes law automatically), Valera would appear to have deliberately shifted on to other shoulders the awkward burden which he knew would crush him. Clearly he did not want to test public opinion at this juncture by a general election. The status quo continuing over the Ottawa Conference is the best thing that could happen in his situation. And none knew better than he that the British Government could not (even if it would) treat Ulster as a bargaining counter. The stalwarts of Ulster are not of the type that take things lying down and every British Government respects, if it does not still more fear, the Ulster leaders. Thus the situation has changed in two ways. The Senate's anticipated emasculation of the Oath Bill prolongs the status quo (in the absence of a general election favourable to Valera) well over the Ottawa Conference. And Valera's dragging in of Ulster shifts from his own shoulders part of the onus that results from his gamble with the destinies of the Free State. He can henceforth complain that the natural course of the evolution of a United Ireland is being obstructed by forces beyond his control.

DROPPING A BOMB.—Those who control the B.B.C. do not lack courage. Indeed they appear to seek trouble and to court criticism. There is none of the spirit of the old bureaucracy about Sir John Reith and his merry men. I confess that my own reaction to the sudden announcement of a talk by a German who had bombed London from a Zeppelin was as sharp as when one receives a sudden douche of icy water. I switched off the handle instantly, hardly able to believe my ears. And so I missed what I now know to have been a very harmless talk whose scientific or historical value was weakened by the obvious demands for extreme tact and exaggerated flattery of the British character. I am all for moral courage. I realize that the B.B.C., like the Cinema, believes that it is doing good work in the cause of international peace and understanding by revealing the futility and waste of war among nations; and I am neither in a position to minimize nor in the mood to question the value of that propaganda. The fact remains, that in my humble opinion that Zeppelin talk was a very false move, a very risky experiment. I despise the fickleness of public memory, as doubtless Sir John Reith does. But the great War provides a curious exception. The public which forgets most things in a week keeps persistently alive its sacred and tragic War memories.

SLOPE—HIKE.—No doubt that obscure word of command that has echoed for a century on a hundred parade grounds was prophetic of coming dress changes in the Army and is properly written down as above. The guardsman in loose Byronic collar, Norfolk jacket with leather buttons, and shorts will respond to the ancient word of command in a new fashion. Instead of slanting his rifle he will slope off on a route-hike. The War taught the civilian one thing he had found it difficult to believe: that discipline taught on the parade ground is indeed the one thing needful to make soldiers proof against the multitude of risks which seduce and disintegrate partially trained troops in the rough and tumble and shambles of warfare. Incredible as it seemed, the eternal polishing of buttons was of real, of vital, importance. In peacetime the rank and file of crack regiments appear to have nothing else to do. And indeed initiative and imagination are not of first importance in the qualities required in the rank and file. Health to labour and to endure, skill with the rifle and the spade, and implicit and mechanical obedience to orders, even unreasonable orders, under all conditions, are the be-all and end-all of the private soldier's training for war. The significance of spit and polish may be hard to explain in words but is no longer difficult to appreciate. It is certain that radical changes in Army dress will be a bitterly controversial subject within the Army. Recruiting and discipline, it will be argued by no means foolishly, would be sacrificed to the claims of health and physical efficiency. I for one feel no desire to leave the fence and laugh the brass button out of court. If it is a trifle, it is a tremendous trifle. I have thankfully handed over a section of broken trench to a battalion of Guards and still recall the blessed return of confidence induced by the calmness and matter-of-fact efficiency of their methods. "As if on parade." I know the value of that polishing of buttons.

sletter

OLYMPIC GAMES.—The Olympic Games will be held this year at Los Angeles in August. The British Association has accepted the invitation to send a team, and aims at a figure of 120 athletes. In little more than a month this team must sail, and conditions being what they are, the needed funds are not yet gathered in from an enthusiastic public. The Appeal Committee boldly starts its propaganda with two statements about which it believes there are no two opinions: (1) That international sport is of great value for the peace of the world. (2) That our national prestige requires that we should make a good show in America. I feel certain that at any rate all Britons who feel as confident as does the Appeal Committee of the incontrovertible truth of these two premises, will send a contribution (no matter how small) towards the essential sum so urgently needed. They should address the Hon. Treasurer, British Olympic Fund, 71, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

"THE UNKNOWN SAILOR."—Hindhead would not be Hindhead (but to me a wilder and pleasanter spot) if it had not chanced that in the century before last an unknown sailor tramping home from Portsmouth was set on and murdered by three blackguards on that lonely height, which Cobbett described as the most depressing prospect in England. The wretches were gibbeted on the summit, and the unknown was buried in Thursley Church-yard, a stone (lately moved) being set up to mark the place where the corpse was found. This dingy murder has refused to die. For a century and a half a sentimental public has honoured the shrine and grown maudlin over the poor young sailor with his kerchief of poor guineas, the wage of hard years at sea. And now the bomb has burst in a local paper. It appears that the unknown sailor was far from being unknown. He was a member of a wealthy family of the name of Hardman, which sent its cadets to the crack cavalry regiments, and our "unknown sailor" at his untimely demise was worth, it appears, a quarter of a million pounds!—which the State, for lack of claimants, enjoys to this day. I don't vouch for the truth of the tale, though the letter in the local paper wears a respectable habit. But even if, as seems more likely, the murdered sailor's estate is to-day, at compound interest, worth that big sum, still Hindhead has lost its romance, and I hope that its flaring tea palaces and metalled car parks will give way once more to heather and bracken.

BE THRIFTY!—Only last year, Great Western Railway Preference Stock, as sound a Trustee Stock as the Courts or the soundest of family lawyers could suggest for the little fortunes of widows and orphans, stood at 96½. This week it dropped into the forties. And to date not a solitary suggestion has been made by the Government for saving the nation's savings. In about a year 500 millions of our poor savings invested in the stocks of the great British Railway Companies have been wiped out on paper. It is not by any means due entirely to bad trade. It is largely due to the endless restrictions which Governments have placed on the unfortunate railways in a policy wholly favourable to road transport. And we are urged to be thrifty by the same official voice!

SOME MORE GARDENS.—Here are some plums, not to be neglected, by garden lovers. Among the Surrey and West Sussex private gardens opening under the Nursing Scheme in the latter half of June are: June 18—Haslemere; Frensham Hall and Grayswood Hall. The previous opening day for these very interesting gardens was marred by rain. June 22—Arundel Castle (Duke of Norfolk); Sutton Place, Guildford (Duke of Sutherland). Both these are historic places. Ford Manor, Lingfield (Colonel Spender Clay; a quite entrancing sunk and paved water garden). June 29—Loseley Park, Guildford (Mrs. More-Molyneux; a Tudor, moated manor with a history written on its face). Loseley was the home of the family of Sir Thomas More, which possessed, if I remember rightly, an hereditary butlership at Lincoln's Inn. Loseley and its near neighbour, Little Tangley, the home of Sir Fritz Ponsonby, are perhaps the two country houses best worth seeing in Surrey to-day. And the garden at Little Tangley, when it is opened, is a joy which none should miss.

THE OLD STAGER.

SUMMER IN THE PARK: A composite picture showing Lord and Lady Harcourt wheeling their baby on the left, while on the right are two examples of the latest fashion, short puffed sleeved, three-quarter length frocks with one flounce. The sash has returned to *la mode* with a rush, and the ensemble is set off with a jaunty straw hat

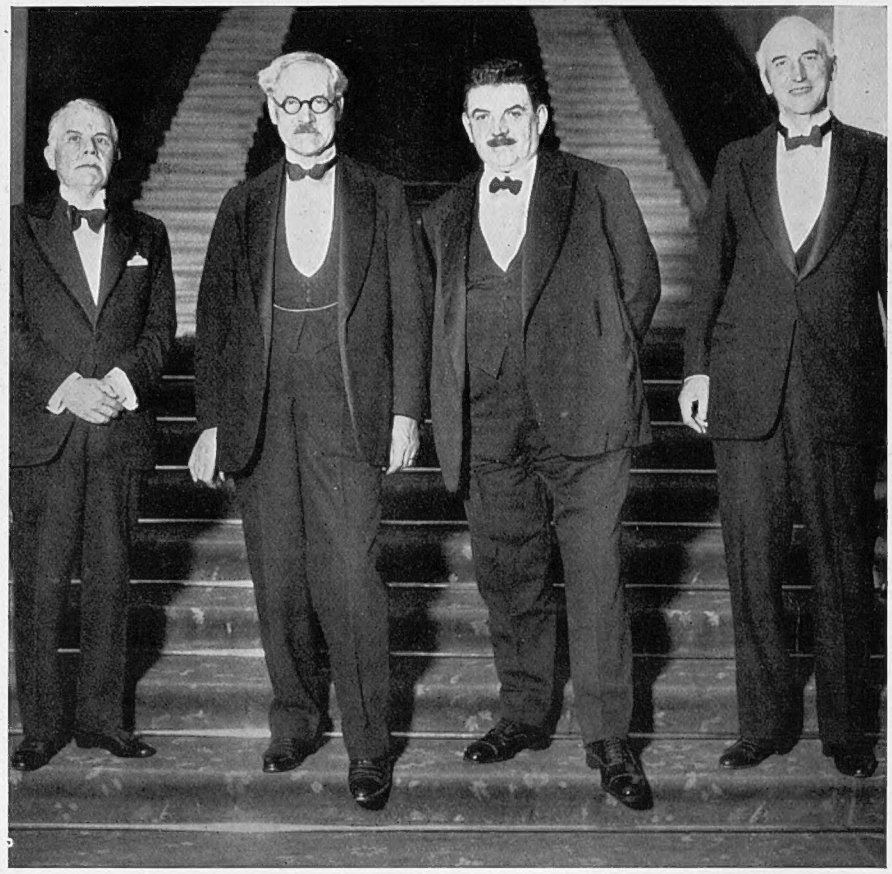
A ROYAL VISITOR: King Albert of the Belgians, who with Queen Elisabeth has been paying a short private visit to London, is seen above admiring the flowers in the Green Park during an early morning stroll

APING THEIR BETTERS: An amusing incident at the Zoo last Saturday was the alfresco tea-party held by the chimpanzees in front of the Tea Pavilion; Fifi, Pete, Jackie and Ivy are seen reading round the table from the left

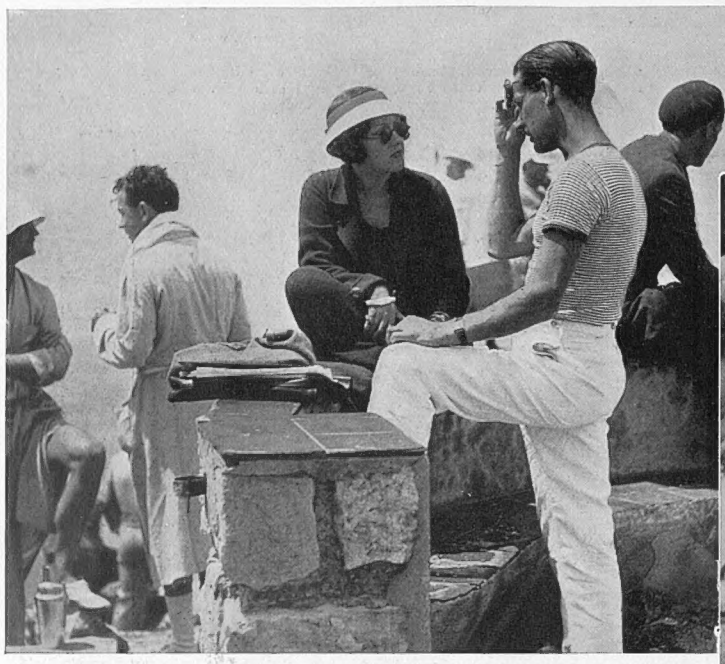
THE COACHING MARATHON from Hyde Park to the Richmond Horse Show was held last Saturday. This picture shows Mr. Horace Smith, Miss Skimming, and Miss Noble, the daughter of Sir John and Lady Noble, on their four-in-hand

HOME NEWS of the WEEK

AGAIN PARIS BOUND: The Prime Minister seen along with Sir John Simon. Lady Simon, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, and M. Fleuriau at Waterloo Station before leaving for conversations with M. Herriot in Paris



ON THE SUBJECT OF REPARATIONS: Lord Tyrrell, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M. Herriot, and Sir John Simon at the Quai d'Orsay, where a dinner in honour of the Prime and Foreign Ministers was held. Conversations as to the line to be taken at Lausanne were the order of the day



PRODUCING HERSELF: Miss Gloria Swanson has started work on the Riviera on the first talkie she has produced. Her new leading man is her husband, Mr. Michael Farmer

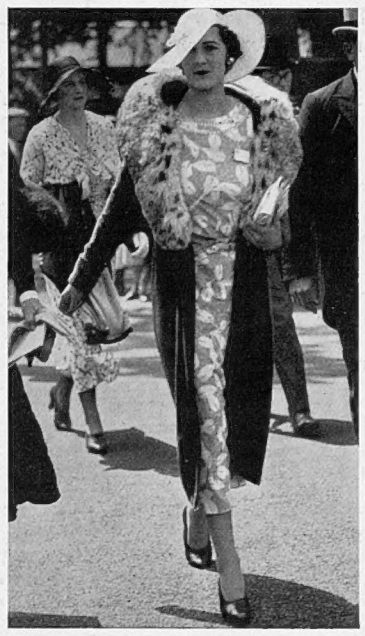
WATCHING A BATTLE: The Duchess of York hands a pair of binoculars to the Princess Elizabeth at the Aldershot Tattoo. The Empire's Darling is to be seen at all such functions and enjoys them with a keen and discriminating eye

"SIGN, PLEASE!" Mr. Eamon de Valera asked for his autograph on the occasion of his visit to London for the conversations at Downing Street on the Oath. The Irish President is like Henry I—never known to smile

THE PASSING OF A PATRIOT: The funeral of Lord Brentford at Newick Park near Lewes. The coffin was drawn to the local church on a farm wagon drawn by horses bred on the estate. As "Jix," Lord Brentford will long be remembered as a courageous die-hard—in matters social, political, and ecclesiastical alike

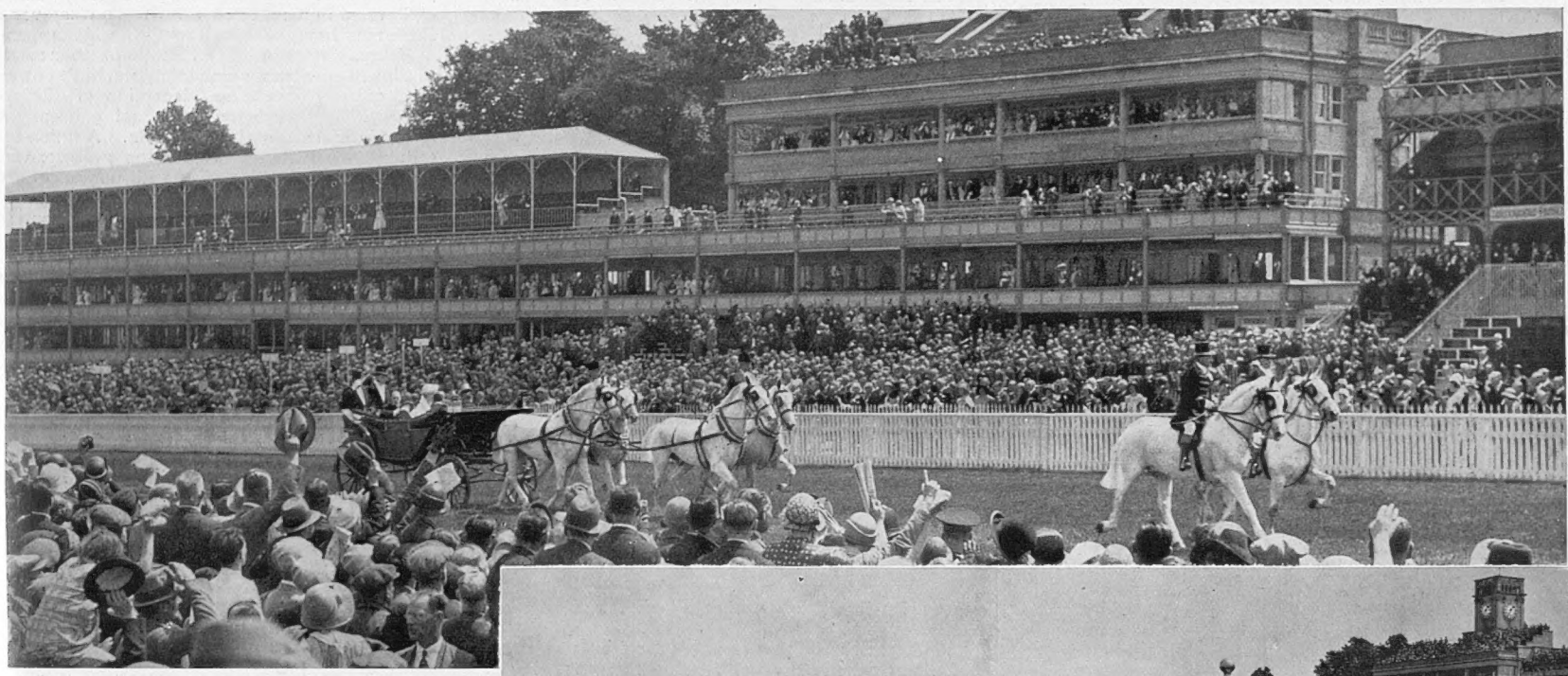
ROYAL ASCOT ONCE AGAIN

THE GREY TOP HAT, interspersed with an occasional silk topper, was ubiquitous on the rails and roads that led to Ascot last week. This scene at Waterloo Station gives a faint indication of the fashionable crowd



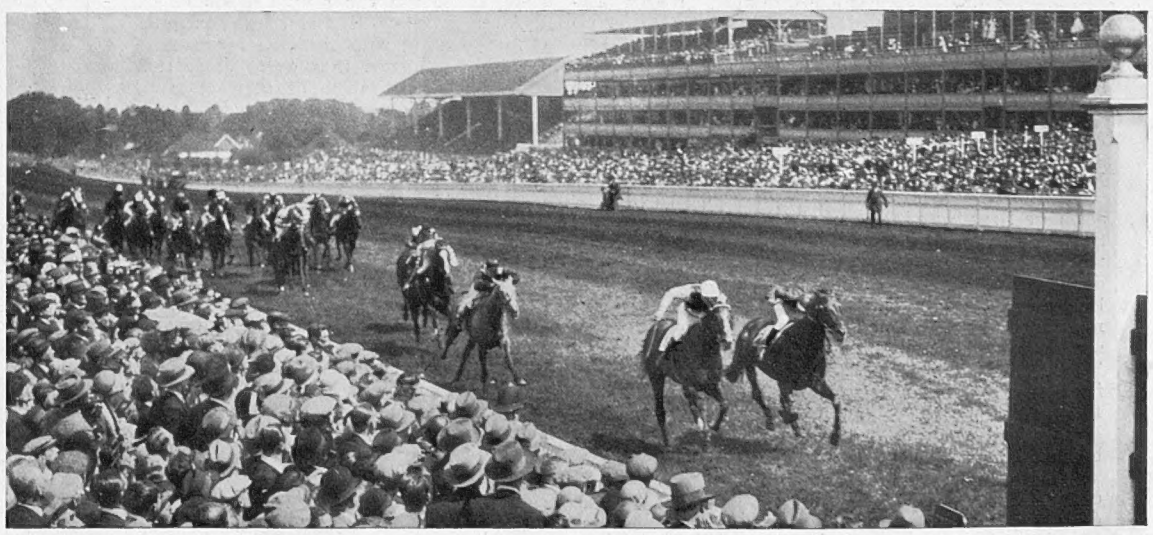
THE FUR-TRIMMED COAT made its appearance last Tuesday at Ascot despite the sunny warmth of the weather

HAUT TON: The Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien and Miss Violet de Worms. Just behind walks Lord Decies in the grey hat and light waistcoat decreed by the mode



ASPECTS OF ASCOT: The Royal Procession greeted by loyal cheers that volleyed to the sky as it moved up the course to the Royal Box; and (*inset below*) a view of the most unconsidered of Ascot happenings—the racing! The picture shows the Queen Anne Stakes won by *Unlikely* from *St. Oswald* and *Patmos*. Note the tick-tack man in the foreground signalling to his employer the approximate odds on the next race

"WHY DO YOU WALK THROUGH THE FIELDS IN GLOVES?" The fashionable crowd makes its way through the fields from the station to the paddock



DEAD HEAT: *Sandy Lashes* and *Son of Mint* dead-heated in the Ascot Stakes—*Roi de Paris* ran third—on the first day of the Royal Meeting. The weather was all that the most ardent race-goer, fashion-expert, or strawberries-and-cream fancier could possibly desire!

THE SNATCHERS OF SOURLAND MOUNT:

The Lindbergh Baby Case, which had Died Down, as far as Major News was Concerned, since the Finding of the Baby on May 12 last, suddenly Flared into Prominence Again at the End of Last Week, when it was Announced that a Maid Employed by the Morrows had Died by Her Own Hand Rather than Face another Police Examination. The Story, as Far as it is Known, is here Told for the First Time in Consecutive Form

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

THE LINDBERGH CASE TOUCHES ENGLAND: George Sharpe, the father of the maid who committed suicide rather than face another police ordeal, is seen here at his cottage home in Berkshire

To ask a "real live newspaper man" to investigate the affair of the Lindbergh baby murder is like turning a small boy loose in a dream sweet shop. The "amazing" Browns, the "terrible" Greens, and the "heartbreaking" Pinks "sensationally revealed" on its "astounding" shelves may be supposed to have been supplied by master confectioners in response to a contemptuous suggestion that they did not know their business.

THE SPHERE has not, however, invited me to join the ranks of the small boys of journalism in America who have been turning out milllons of words from the nursery sickroom. I have been instructed to investigate the case anew from the beginning in order to provide a plain narrative of fact and interpretative comment.

A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE WINDOW from which the baby was apparently taken. The ladder was not one belonging to the house

Cutting our way through the appalling tangle of highly imaginative speculation and the pleasing but totally irrelevant stories which are in circulation, let us imagine only that we are back in Sherlock Holmes's consulting-room in Baker Street. What would be the story told by the obviously agitated gentleman who has been invited to speak freely before the faithful Watson? Much shorter than you expected, it would be as follows:—

THE RICKETY THREE-PIECE LADDER which was abandoned by the kidnappers—a dangerous ladder down which to carry a child

Within a few hours of the teeming cinema civilization of Broadway is one of the loneliest parts of the State of New Jersey—Sourland Mount. Flying over this desolate stretch a year ago, Colonel Lindbergh decided that here was the ideal spot to build a country home and avoid publicity. He bought 350 acres three miles north of the small village of Hopewell. The sparse population round about consists largely of "Jackson Whites," wild backwoods-men who have for decades kept themselves aloof from civilization. For years they found a profitable side-line in illicit liquor distilling which, with the coming of prohibition, became their main occupation.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh, the twenty-months-old "Princess Elizabeth" of the United States, was discovered to be missing on the night of March 1. The last person known to have seen him was Betty Gow, his twenty-six-year-old Scots nurse, who, at about 8.30 p.m., tucked him up in his nursery on the second floor. At the same moment Colonel Lindbergh reached his home by car from New York. After dinner he retired to the drawing-room immediately under one of the nursery's three windows. All three were closed, but none was bolted.

At 10 p.m. Betty Gow visited the nursery and saw that the baby was not in his cot. She knocked on the door of the bathroom where Mrs. Lindbergh was having a bath and inquired if she had the baby with her. The reply seriously upset Miss Gow, who ran down to the Colonel. Father, mother, and nurse then returned and searched the nursery floor in the vain hope that the child might have climbed out of his cot and crawled away into a corner. Muddy footmarks were seen on the floor, and a draught then showed that a window was open. The Colonel telephoned the police. The time was now about 10.7. By 10.50 an alarm had been teletyped throughout the entire State of New Jersey. Within a few minutes of the flash a large force of police, State troopers from New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, was stopping cars at all cross-roads. In a few hours the biggest force of police, troopers, coast-guards, American Legionaries, and "news hawks" ever assembled on one hunt was combing the three States.

By next morning a battery of police, cinema-camera men, and reporters had installed themselves around the Lindbergh estate, for whom many new telephone lines were immediately laid. A broadcast station was erected. In another day or two charabanc companies were running excursions to Hopewell, and an aeroplane company was ready to take sightseers for trips over the estate. Hotel prices soared. Numerous pictures of the child were circulated throughout the Continent and "splashed" (to use the technical newspaper term) on every front page.

Investigation produced the following clues:

(1) A ladder in three 7 ft. sections abandoned about 20 yards away from the nursery window. Marks and footprints showed that it had been assembled against the nursery window.

(2) A chisel, probably intended to prize open the nursery window.

(3) Footprints leading towards the road on the eastern boundary of the estate. Thought to be those of a man by their size, but even this is uncertain, as the kidnapper wore sacking over his boots. The kidnapper was joined by another, whose footprints were small enough to be those of a woman.

(4) A farmer said that he saw a car drawn up about 7.30 p.m. on the road which runs on the south side of the estate.

(5) A time limit is set by the fact that Miss Gow left the baby at 8.30, and the Colonel took the chair under the nursery window about 9.15.

(6) A ransom demand note from the kidnappers was found some hours after the first alarm. It was not published until after the baby was found dead.

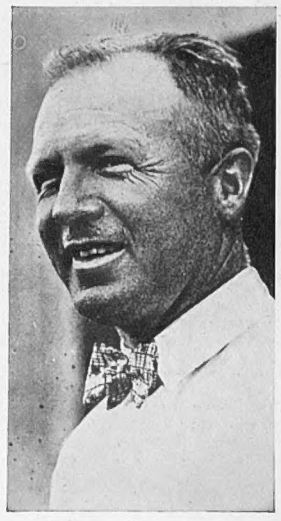
(7) On March 6 the Colonel, driven desperate, called in the underworld to help him, and thus gave "the toughest criminal community in the world" the means to claim the ransom by revealing to them the code signs left by the kidnappers for identification purposes.

(8) On May 12 the dead body of the baby was found within four miles of the Lindbergh home. The stage of decomposition showed that the baby had died about the date of his disappearance. The skull had two fractures.

These are the only definite clues. After an exhaustive study of dozens of files dealing with the case I can state with confidence that every story told by the police, the famous intermediaries, and the underworld is entirely irrelevant to any solution of the kidnapping.

The later events belong to a different story altogether, which I suggest should be called "One Hundred Per Cent. Efficiency, or Bigger and Better Policemen." Moments in this story of bullies, frauds, liars, suicide and "news hawks" might have been conceived by that genius of the macabre, Edgar Allan Poe, while others seem to belong to the delightfully fantastic world of solemn, impossible nonsense found in Max Beerbohm's *Seven Men*. The mass of available material is so great that what follows is the bare outline of a necessarily arbitrary selection.

Hundreds of clues began from March 2 onwards to pour in from all parts. The police had no choice but to investigate with care the wholesale "recognitions" of suspicious characters



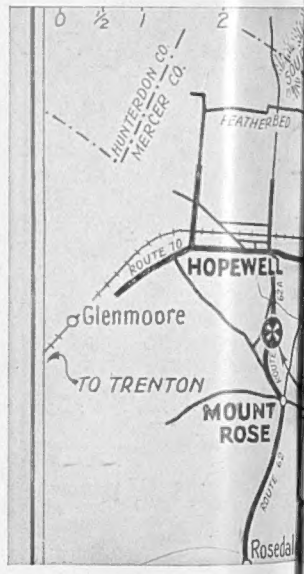
"AMAZING MR. J. H. CURTIS," confessed that his negotiations had been imaginary. Curtis, with Dr. Peacock and Admiral Burrage, formed "the three gentlemen of Norfolk"

THE REV. H. D. PEACOCK, one of a group of people who were "assisting" the suffering Lindbergh family as go-betweens, but accomplished nothing

who began to parade the Continent with milk bottles and other paraphernalia associated in the popular mind with babies. This kept the police fully occupied and obliterated in a maze of false trails whatever chances there may have been of tracing the kidnappers.

It may be useful at this point to note that the illusion of efficiency which teletypes, high-powered cars, etc., create for the self-deception of the American police is increased by the equal efficiency of their methods of questioning suspects. A quick-fire cross-examination which combines the grossest verbal and frequently physical bullying, with periods of gentleness to lull the suspect into a false idea that he has convinced his tormentors, carried on for hours on end, especially throughout the night, must obviously end in the breakdown of the criminal. Fortunately, perhaps, for the criminal the third-degree system has the same effect on the average uneducated innocent person who, far from friendly moral support and fearful in advance of what awaits him, becomes confused, often hysterical, and begins to make conflicting statements. The triumphant representatives of justice are thus led to believe themselves faced with a guilty person and proceed to waste time on what soon proves to be another false trail.

A word of praise is also due to the exceptional technical efficiency of the American press in its handling of "the biggest crime story that ever broke," the nice blend of the utmost appeal to sensation and to emotion, the successful exploitation of the feminine angle through the fact that Mrs. Lindbergh is shortly expecting another child ("Heart-Wrung Anne" proclaimed one headline), the skilful



A MAP showing the position of the body was eventuall

THE CONCENTRATION OF NEWSPAPER MEN AT THE LINDBERGH HOME: Special telephone lines were set up in the Lindbergh stables to enable the pressmen to rush their messages off

The First Consecutive Narrative of the Lindbergh Baby Case

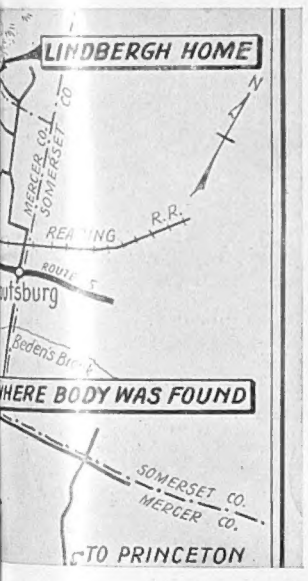
HENRY (RED) JOHNSON, sailor-boy friend of Betty Gow, who has been questioned from time to time, but nothing has been found against him

A SNAPPY NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER who, ferreting around, found pieces of pine wood like those used in the construction of the fatal ladder

building up of cases against anyone to whom a shred of suspicion could be attached, the splendid romance woven round the activities of the underworld, and the noble sacrifice of every ordinary decency in order to serve the public with "hot news scoops," can justly be called a triumph of modern journalism and should cause our more progressive editors over here "furiously to think." Nor should the Press photographers be forgotten. Said "The New Yorker":

"They had to do something to justify their expense accounts: so they placed a native of Hopewell in the branches of a fallen tree and, shooting up at him from a prone position, captioned their pictures: 'Old trapper peers in vain from treetops in search for Lindbergh baby' . . . and they lined up seventeen orphans in a Hopewell institution to pose praying for the baby's safe return."

After five days Colonel Lindbergh, despairing of the forces of law and order, called in the underworld to help him with a promise that he would not give the kidnappers away to the authorities. Two lesser lights of the underworld, Salve Spitale and Irving Bitz, were publicly authorized by the Colonel to act as his intermediaries.



Lindbergh home and the spot where found on May 12

These two racketeers were immediately invested by the newspapers, which had never heard of them before, with a typical halo of underworld romance. Red hot "re-write" men splashed colourful stories of "boss" Spitale's incredible "toughness," his ruthless handling of those who tried to "muscle in" on his rackets, and his magnetic leadership. You can see the atmosphere that they created for this insignificant anti-social specimen in any of the American gangster films that are so popular over here just now. "The ace of racketeers, the one-shot killer man," Spitale, soon found, however, that he could neither recover the baby nor pursue the unobtrusive tenour of his racketeering way. The blaze of publicity which now followed his slightest movement has, he complains, ruined his business.

The underworld were now in a position to cheat Colonel Lindbergh out of the ransom money. Certain means of identifying the genuine kidnappers went for ever.

Meanwhile, after pursuing hundreds of trails throughout the United States, Canada, Mexico, Europe, and South Africa in vain, the police concentrated on the domestic staffs of the Lindbergh and the Morrow homes. They established that Miss Gow had twice telephoned to Henry ("Red") Johnson, who has been a sailor in the yacht of Mr. T. W. Lamont, a friend of the Morrow family. "Red" was promptly arrested and reacted to the police third degree in the most gratifyingly suspicious manner. His alibi was imperfect and *he had a milk bottle in his car.* "Red's" doctor, unfortunately, came forward to say that he had ordered his patient a milk diet and the police could prove no connection between the sailor and the kidnapping. He was, however, kept within reach and when at intervals the search showed signs of languishing, he was recalled for further questioning. A kind of reserve trail I suppose.

On March 9 Governor Moore of New Jersey expressed the reassuring belief that the baby was alive and well. Such statements became more positive and widespread as time went on and more and more intermediaries got into touch with the "kidnappers." On April 9 it was stated that "the baby was nearer return than ever before."

March 11—Scar-faced Al Capone issued a manifesto from the prison where he has been incarcerated in a manner somewhat derogatory to his standing as "Czar of the underworld," in which he declared that the kidnapping was in his opinion "outrageous," and that he could be of real assistance if only he were let out of gaol. He offered a reward of £2,000 for information leading to "Little Lindy's" safe return to the arms of his "tragic mother."

March 13—Mr. Morris Rosner, a reformed gangster, said that he had definite information that the baby was alive and would be returned in due course. Gangland had taken the "bereaved Lindbergh home" to its heart. The Press was delighted.

March 16—A convict in the Tombs Prison admitted that while in prison he had suggested the kidnapping of the baby.

March 18—Scotland Yard exonerated Olli Whateley, Colonel Lindbergh's chauffeur-butler, from all suspicion of illegal connections. A man was detained who was overheard to say in a restaurant, "Do you think the kid will smother in the car?"

March 19—"Red" Johnson was further examined at Hopewell. Colonel Schwarzkopf, head of the New Jersey police, declared that Johnson "had never been completely absolved." A daring but unsuccessful attempt was made on this day to kidnap Diana Johnson, the two-months-old daughter of a wealthy neighbour of the Lindberghs.

March 26—Harry Fleischer, leader of the notorious Purple Gang, was now "definitely connected" with the kidnapping by Colonel Schwarzkopf. His photograph was "positively identified" by a rum-runner. He had been seen in Washington with a woman and a child. The capital was accordingly "furiously" combed for him.

Mayor Curley of Boston announced that the baby was safely at home, but that his return would not be disclosed before three days so that the kidnappers might get clear. "Mayor Curley," said *Time* (New York), "had it straight from a Boston advertising man, who had it straight from a Boston insurance man, who had it straight from a Manhattan banker, who said he knew the Lindbergh family."

April 7—The *Newark (N.J.) Evening News* got the "biggest scoop ever" by revealing that the ransom had not only been paid but that Colonel Lindbergh had been double-crossed. The ranks of the news hawks were considerably shaken by this "beat." Efforts were made to keep private the fact that the Treasury Department had asked all banks to look out for a certain series of dollar notes, but by April 9 even the darkest corners of darkest Africa had the news.

It appeared that Colonel Lindbergh's intermediary had been Dr. John F. Condon, an elderly lecturer of eccentric habits. He was now identified as the inserter of several "personal" advertisements in the New York papers signed "Jafsie."

DR. J. F. CONDON (*on left*) attempting to identify a criminal's photograph. He used the pseudonym "Jafsie" when communicating with the "kidnappers," to whom he actually paid the £10,000 ransom in a Bronx cemetery

Coincident with the activities of "Jafsie" were those of the "three gentlemen of Norfolk" who made their first appearance on March 25. Their mysterious excursions to obscure parts of the coast furnished nothing whatever except publicity for the "amazing Mr. Curtis," a millionaire boat-builder, whose "contacts" with the "kidnappers" proclaimed him apparently able to return the baby at any moment.

May 12.—If a negro had not accidentally stumbled across the decomposed baby's body in a wood not four miles from the Lindbergh home, it seems likely that a greatly increased number of authorized intermediaries would even to-day be in contact with the kidnappers and full of sanguine expectations.

SEARCHING THE TERRITORY ADJACENT TO THE LINDBERGH HOME: Near the Hopewell estate intensive searching was done, but evidently not far enough away to discover the baby's body

The Press achieved the high-water mark of sorrow for the parents and invective against the culprits and the police. There were cartoons showing grim spectres of crime stalking unchecked through the land and gargantuan ogres from the underworld rearing scaly arms across the continent. Editorials sounded a clarion call for a "war to end crime." President Hoover exhorted the police to "make the kidnapping a live and never-to-be-forgotten case."

"Now that no amount of secrecy on the part of the Press or police," says *Time*, "could return the child alive to its parents, the lid of caution abruptly blew off the case." Sensation followed sensation. Mr. J. H. Curtis was discovered (*a*) not to be a millionaire but, on the contrary, to be in financial difficulties; (*b*) to have connections with bootleggers; and (*c*) never to have made contacts with the kidnappers at all. He confessed the activity of his imagination in a desire to make a good newspaper story that would bring "lucrative returns."

THE LINDBERGH'S CHAUFFEUR, Olli Whateley, was questioned by the police but nothing was found against him

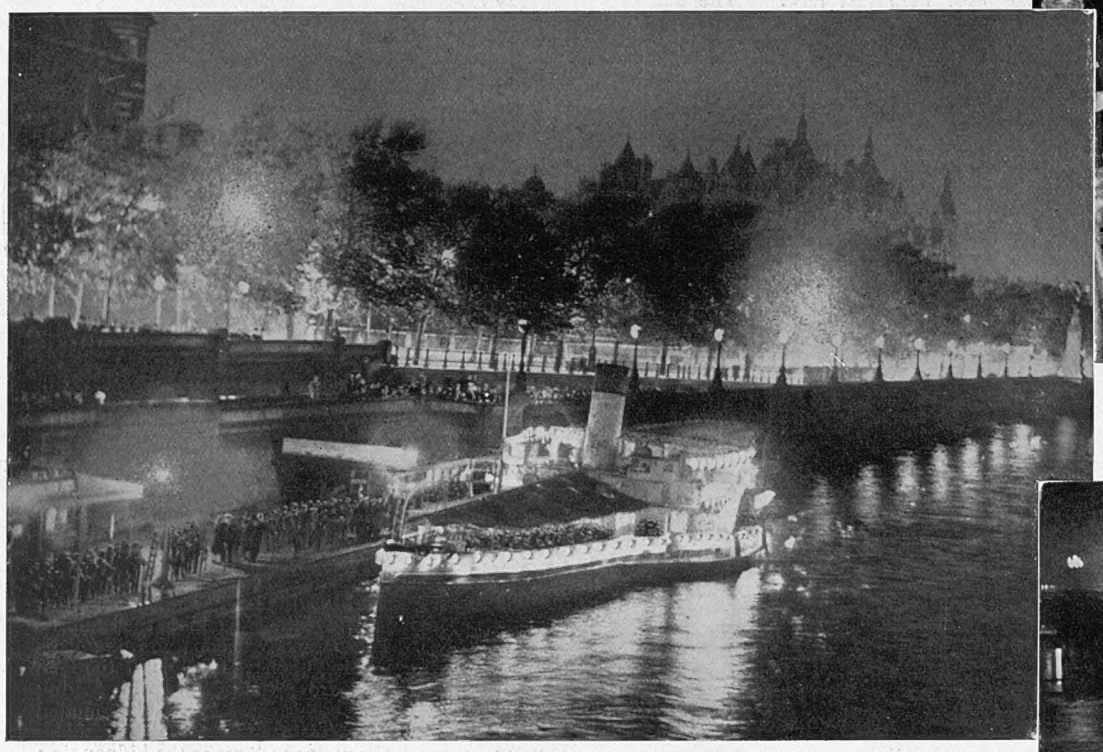
NURSE GOW was the person who gave the first alarm that the baby was missing. She, too, has been questioned, but nothing found against her

From this point the Lindbergh case faded from the papers until this week when it flared into the headlines again owing to the suicide of an English girl, Violet Sharpe, a servant in the Morrow family. The police who had questioned her three times had been about to examine her again, and at once heralded her suicide as proof of her guilt.

Even the American Press was incredulous over this "scapegoat deduction," and Mrs. Morrow has declared her belief that an innocent girl was frightened to death.

A single American comment suffices to sum up the scandalous tragedy of the Lindbergh case. "The very real loss of prestige suffered by the underworld through the successful imprisonment of Al Capone, who was thought to be far beyond the reach of the law, has been completely regained through the pitiable exhibition made by the forces of organized society in the Lindbergh case."

LONDON PLAY and IRISH FAITH



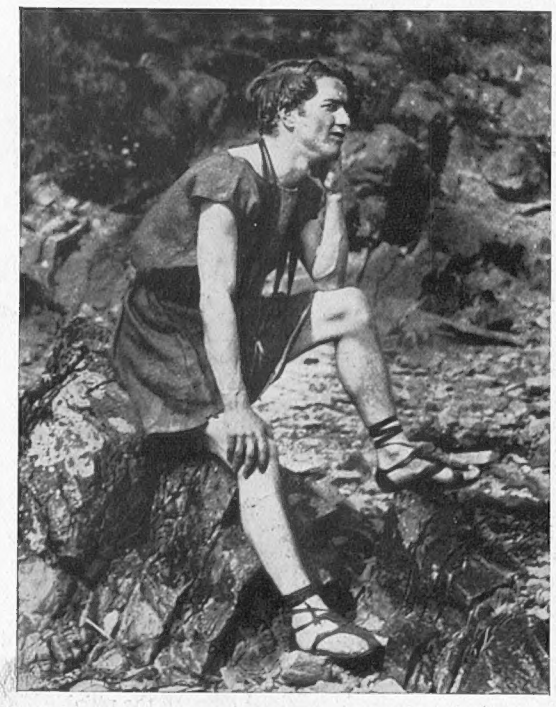
THE "SHOW BOAT" alongside Westminster Pier just about to take aboard her complement of passengers for a trip down the river. The vessel was once P.S. *Alexandra* and was used as a troopship during the War, and is now engaged in recalling to her passengers not the glory of the war-time, but the beauty of the peace-time Thames

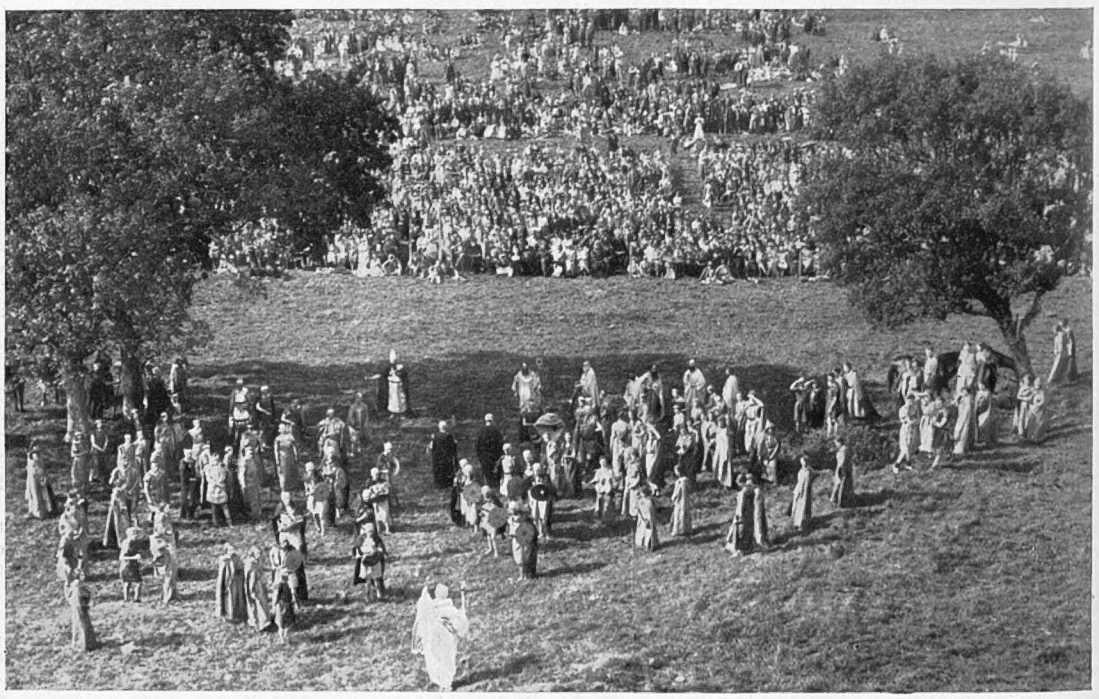
DEBARKATION: Passengers leaving the "Show Boat" after a June evening trip to the accompaniment of music and dancing—a London attraction due to the enterprise of Mr. Clifford Whitley

THE GLITTERING HULL of the "Show Boat" as she pulls out from Westminster Pier. During the War, when she was used as a troopship, this now refurbished pleasure craft sank a German submarine

DRESS REHEARSAL for the Golden Holiday Ball at the Park Lane Hotel—a function taking place on June 23 in aid of the Golden Square Throat, Nose, and Ear Hospital. The feature of the ball is a pageant of holiday sports, Miss Sylvia de Regis Oliveira, Miss Penelope Packe, Miss Ursula Packe, Miss Avrilda Bridges, Miss Jacqueline Castellani, and Mrs. Maxwell Chance are seen (*from left to right*) above in the bathing and sun-bathing scene

THE ST. PATRICK PAGEANT: Milchu's elder daughter, his younger daughter, and his son with Tara, a wolfhound, in the Escape from Slemish episode in the Church of Ireland Pageant held in Ulster





IN HONOUR OF ST. PATRICK: Two vignettes of the Pageant held in Ulster in honour of the 1,500th anniversary of the Irish Champion of Christendom. Mr. J. C. Cullen is seen *on left* in the rôle of the young Patrick in which he proved a great success, while *on right* is a view of the Tara scene taken from Audley's Castle. The Pageant was staged by the Church of Ireland—and the function was held not in the Roman Catholic South but in the Protestant North with which so many outstanding events of his life are connected

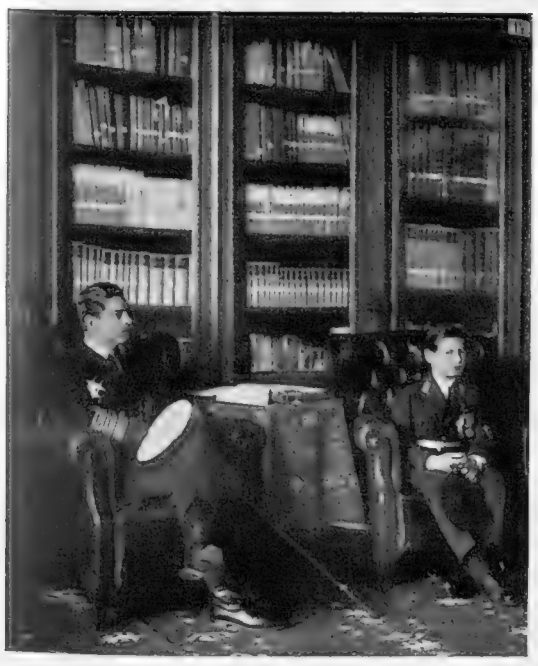
THE SURVEY OF THE SPHERE

THE BOOK FAIR AT ROME: This annual event was held in Trajan's Market, and the chief publishers displayed their newest books. To increase sales, authors themselves served as salesfolk and inscribed dedications on sold copies

WINGS DAY IN ITALY: King Victor Emmanuel greets his Premier at the Littorio Airport. Signor Balbo — who is with Signor Grandi, one of the two notable bearded Italians — is on left

THE SULTAN OF SPANISH MOROCCO, H.R.H. Mulay Hassan Ben-el-Mehedi Ben Ismael, Khalife of Tetouan, has recently paid a semi-state visit to Madrid. He is seen above with his suite and Spanish officials between President Zamora and Premier Azana at a Presidential reception

RESCUED: Mr. E. P. Beckwith, whose two comrades, Messrs. Carpe and Koven, perished during a cosmic ray expedition on the Muldrow Glacier, Alaska, whence he was rescued



CROWN PRINCE MICHAEL with his father, King Carol, just before delivering his maiden speech in the Rumanian Academy

SIX THOUSAND DANCERS participated in the traditional Mai-Festspiele in the Stadium in the Prater—an event celebrated, owing to the phenomenally bad weather of this Spring, at the end of the month. An historical evolution is seen in progress above

b

IF ENGLISH COUNTY

LORD'S IS BETTER OFF THAN MOST: If anything happened here not only would the whole cause of cricket suffer an irremediable loss, but Britain would lose immeasurably from the highest to the lowest—from the *haut ton* which (rightly) regards Eton-and-Harrow as the smartest function of the season to the poor man who finds in Lord's the longest shillingsworth of good value entertainment available

What is the future of county cricket? Pessimists say that it is likely to tail off like hunting. In five years' time, it is prophesied, there will not be more than thirty packs left. Nobody can afford to hunt regularly in these days of super-tax and super death duties. Cricket is not quite so expensive, and at least there is a gate, and the county club does not have to pay compensation to farmers. Despite that, times are exceedingly bad. This has been the blackest season that cricket has known since the War. Between May 22 and May 29 no fewer than twelve matches were abandoned owing to the rain. Again, last week I was at Lord's, and in the Pavilion at lunch time the tape machine showed that five matches were unplayable, while at Lord's itself the match between Middlesex and Nottingham—the only one in London that day—was temporarily abandoned after an hour's play. Not that it made much financial difference. There cannot have been more than 300 people in the whole ground, and the vast majority of them were paying only 1s. a head. Before the War it was only 6d. To-day, though the price has been doubled, it provides you with entertainment for a whole day, providing there is any play, compared with the 2s. 4d. of the cinema programme which starts to repeat itself after two or three hours.

HAROLD LARWOOD is one of the few certain draws in modern cricket, and the only bowler to exert a real appeal. The modern fixture list is so great that any fast bowler is bound to go stale and, of course, thereby lose his drawing power

Fortunately for cricket, though unfortunately for the receipts, the percentage of people interested in the summer game who prefer to play it, rather than watch it, is very much higher than the corresponding figure among football enthusiasts. Probably less than 1 per cent. of the men who watch a cup-tie play football. But at least 20 per cent. of those who attend a county match play some form of club cricket. The worst of cricket, though, is that it needs conditions far more favourable than soccer. No wonder, after this wet May, that even the more wealthy counties like Middlesex, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Kent are feeling a little perturbed; while the poorer counties like Leicestershire are wondering whether they will survive the season. If June maintains the wet standard of May, the seventeen counties competing in the championship are likely to be considerably diminished. At an estimate, the rain must have cost the counties at least £12,000 last month. At Worcester all four grounds have been saturated and unfit for play. Derbyshire has dropped about £1,000. At Bath the receipts averaged only £30 a day for a recent week-end. Lord's is better off, though it is unfortunate for Middlesex that they cannot have a share of the profits of the 'Varsity match and the Eton and Harrow match, not to mention the subscriptions received from the members of the M.C.C. Last year the Eton and Harrow match brought in over £4,000. The 'Varsity match which preceded it brought in £2,800. If you add to that the £15,000 a year from subscriptions, and the £2,500 from the new members, you reach a tolerable total which is swelled by the rents of a lot of property surrounding the cricket ground. The Middlesex County Club itself showed a loss last year for the first time in history, and unless we have a red hot June it may show a worse one for 1932.

Taking Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Glamorgan, Derbyshire, and Lancashire as being representative of the various grades among the first-class counties, we find the following state of affairs officially existent at the time of writing:

Worcestershire.—In three home fixtures there has been only one full day's cricket, the second day of the Kent match. The first day of that match was limited to 2½ hours, and there was no play on the third day.

In the Surrey match there were 1¾ hours on the first day, four hours on the second day, and then another blank, while the South American match was completely washed out. As a result, finances have suffered to an alarming extent.

Gloucestershire.—Of the forty-two hours available for play in the past three matches, cricket was only possible for less than fifteen hours. The gate money taken during this period was about £500; given fine weather, it would have been more than twice as much.

In view of the fact that Gloucester have to raise £10,060 for the purchase of their ground from Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons at the end of this year, this loss is doubly serious.

Glamorgan.—In three home games play has been possible during only six out of the nine days—a dead loss to the county club of between £400 and £500.

Derbyshire.—The loss in gates through bad weather is estimated at £1,200. The club's position is now really serious.

Lancashire.—The county is about £500 down compared with last season, excluding Watson's benefit, in which there was no play. This cost the player £1,000.

Already, I am told, one or two counties are thinking of cutting down the fees paid to their professionals. In the case of a rich county the professional receives £10 for a match at home and £12 for an away match, in which case, however, he has to pay his railway fare and lodgings. In other counties it is £8 and £10, and in one or two it is said to be even less. A few star professionals like Hobbs get a guarantee of £450 for the season, on the top of which they are likely to receive a bonus of between £100 and £150. This, however, includes wages during the winter. For Hobbs the problem of the winter is usually solved by an invitation to play in a touring team such as the M.C.C. team which is going to Australia in September. That is worth £400 and expenses to him. In addition, he has his sports outfitting shop in Fleet Street, though one rather doubts whether in these hard times it brings him in a very great deal of money. Test Matches, by the way, are worth £30 to the professionals who take part in them.

Nottinghamshire is, I believe, the only county which is still so old fashioned as to pay talent-money. This is at the rate of £1 for 50 runs or 5 wickets, and £2 for 100, and so on. It has been dropped by the other counties because it was obviously rather unfair that an invaluable 35 on a sticky wicket should not be recompensed, when a 50 on a plumb wicket was far easier to get and yet automatically earned a sovereign.

Amateurs are naturally paid nothing for their services. On the other hand, they get all their expenses. It is, in fact, rather an anomaly that, while a professional has to pay his rail and hotel fare, the amateur receives his in full. Of course he cannot put champagne on the bill. Nor is he supposed to make anything out of it. In fact, there is automatically a slight loss for him. But on the other hand it stops him from spending money of his own which he would otherwise be doing. What surprises me is that no graduate of famous public schools or the university has yet turned cricket professional. When you have the sons of peers acting as reception clerks, railway employees, and estate-agent clerks, it is odd that none of them has turned his games education to profitable account. The average youth has at least £1,500 spent on his education at school and the university, on which he shows little or no return in cash. To be a cricket professional would be a very honourable career, and there would be no smirch whatever on his reputation. On the contrary, it would probably increase, and he would have a tremendous lot of "fans" eager to see him play. In addition to that, he would be earning at least £600 a year, which might be a great deal more than he would be getting on the Stock Exchange.

Most amateurs at the moment are either on the Stock Exchange, like G. T. S. Stevens and H. J. Enthoven, or connected with the wine or whisky trade, like A. P. F. Chapman or Lord Tennyson. In the case of the former there is little for them to do in the City, even though they are full-fledged stockbrokers and not half-commission men. As to the latter, there is always a chance for them of combining business with pleasure.

In a way, the general depression is likely to have the reverse effect on amateurs—in other words, to increase their numbers. £16 or £20 a week can add up to a considerable sum if the majority of the players in a side are professionals, and if it is so wet that there are no receipts to recoup the club for its expenses.

CANTERBURY WEEK is perhaps the most delightful of cricket festivals, both owing beauty of the ground. Consequently, Canterbury in decent weather is one of

KEYED UP TO CONCERT PITCH: A tense moment

CRICKET FAILS?—the Deluge—

This Question, More Tender to Us than Any Problem Under Discussion at Geneva or Lausanne or The Hague, is here Probed to some of its Vital Parts in Order to Discover a Remedy for Present Ills

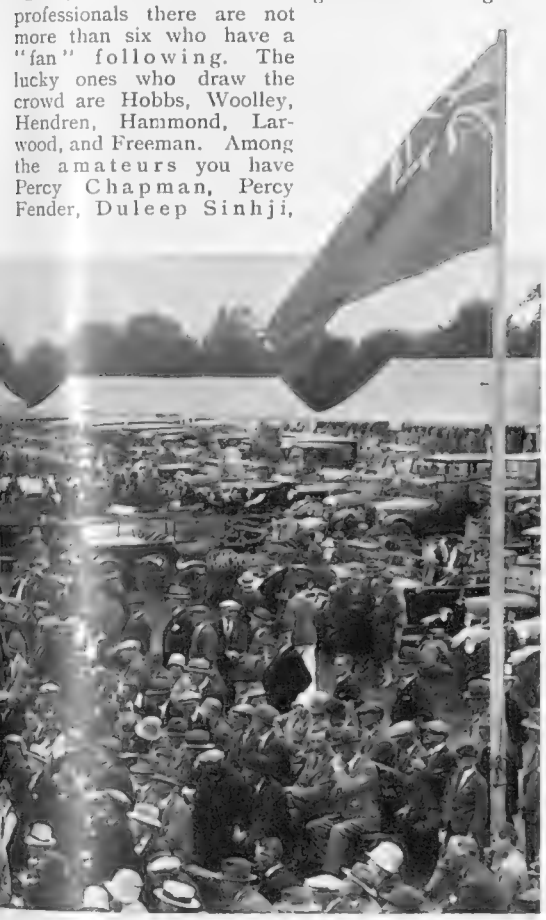
By CHARLES GRAVES

The amateurs, on the other hand, finding that time hangs heavily on their hands, are only too pleased to play at no great cost to themselves and, in fact, kill time until things get better. It is true that in the Nottinghamshire side that I saw playing against Middlesex there was only one amateur—the captain. But Middlesex had five, while Somerset always has half a dozen or so. It certainly would be an extraordinary thing if the depression brought cricket back to its original state. But stranger things have happened.

In the North, where they have league cricket, things are rather more prosperous. This is because the grounds are smaller and the excitement of a six more frequent. Besides, each team has usually only two stars—a bowler who takes nearly all the wickets, and a batsman who makes nearly all the runs. This is much more enlivening and, if the Northerners do not mind one saying so, introduces the spirit of baseball into the game, which is at least excellent for the receipts and is lots of fun for the spectators.

One county captain to whom I spoke said that in his county he had as many as twenty-three first-class amateurs, all of whom were good enough to play in the team; whereas other counties were soon going to be unable either to support their professionals, despite the cuts in the latter's salaries, or to find amateurs who were good enough to play. In his opinion the day may not be far off when the number of counties able to survive in first-class cricket will reach only single figures. At the present there are seventeen, as I have said.

One of the troubles of county cricket lies in the fact that there are not enough stars. Among the professionals there are not more than six who have a "fan" following. The lucky ones who draw the crowd are Hobbs, Woolley, Hendren, Hammond, Larwood, and Freeman. Among the amateurs you have Percy Chapman, Percy Fender, Duleep Sinhji, and possibly Lord Tennyson. It will be noticed that there is only one bowler among the ten—Larwood. The general public is not interested in bowlers unless they are very fast. They want to see a full toss hit out of the grounds, or a cracking square cut that sizzles to the boundary, or a half-volley hit right in the meat.



o the traditional temper of the Kent XI and the natural he sure-fire profit-making festivals of the cricket season

The mention of Larwood brings us to another very important point. I have not actually seen Nottinghamshire's fixture card, but if it is like that of Kent or Middlesex there will be matches twice a week all the way until September, with perhaps two breaks of three days. This absurd number of fixtures must automatically react on the county cricketer, and particularly on the fast bowler. How can Larwood fail to go stale? Let us subject him to a brief analysis. Larwood will bowl on an average eighteen overs an innings. That is seventy-two overs in a week. For each delivery he walks back 20 yards before starting his return run. There being six balls in each over (we take for granted that he is not going to bowl any wides) this result is reached:—Larwood runs almost five miles a week, and walks another five, apart from his fielding and changing over and batting, which would reach at least another ten miles. Larwood, therefore, unless there is a spell of wet weather, will have run ninety miles and walked 270 miles in the season. In addition, he will have had the strain of delivering at top speed no fewer than 7,676 balls, and probably the extra strain, when batting, of striking the ball a couple of thousand times. Larwood is in the prime of life, of course, and presumably keeps in the strictest training. But it seems ridiculous to suppose that this orgy of cricket will not leave him as stale as last week's bread and butter pudding, in the highly probable event that he will be chosen to go in the Test Match team against Australia this autumn. True, he will have six or seven weeks' respite from the game while he is on board ship. But is that enough after the preceding four months? The answer, as supplied me by half a dozen different county cricketers, is a highly decided negative.

So serious is this glut of county cricket that even Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet has emerged from his retirement to protest publicly against it. This is what he says:

"The writing is on the wall for those who care to read. It is a mere matter of years before the whole edifice of cricket which has been built up on the humble foundations of village green cricket is due to crash. The schools and villages feed the better known clubs, the clubs feed the counties, and the counties supply the material for our International or "Test" teams. Take away the counties and where should we be? Much of the interest would depart from all classes of cricket. It would no longer be a question of individual keenness, of friendly rivalry leading to higher ambitions, but of an over-commercialized game without attraction for the average man.

"Yet one does not require to be a prophet to be able to predict the imminent collapse and disappearance of many of the counties who now form the championship. Only a few lucky ones can hope to survive, and what does the future hold for them? Apart from financial considerations, how many amateurs will be left in the near future?—how many bowlers of any real class?

"Just thirty years ago I ventured to predict that unless something was done to restrict the number of matches and the demands upon the time and physical resources of players the results must be, first, the gradual disappearance of amateurs as regular members of county teams, and second, the ruin of bowling in the best sense. I advocated the splitting of the counties into two divisions so as to reduce the demands made upon players. This policy was some years later strongly advocated by Lord Hawke, but without result."

Later on Mr. Bosanquet complains bitterly about the powers-that-be and their complacency in the face of forthcoming disaster. One cannot blame him. I talked to one of them myself. He was very charming. But all he would say was that it did not do any good to emphasize the sad state of the patient's health, and then proceeded to draw an analogy of Mr. Baldwin and the Conservative Party and the future of Great Britain. He also spoke of the immense fixture lists of the various cricketing clubs like I Zingari and the Authentics. Certainly these are longer than ever. He said that there was more cricket being played now than ever before, despite dog racing and golf and motoring and lawn tennis. It is all very welcome news. But it is not going to do county cricket any good, and if county cricket comes a crash the effect will be felt almost to the second eleven of the average preparatory school.

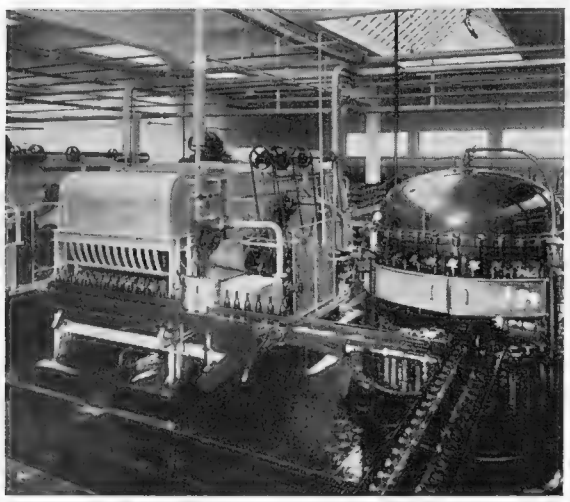
Of all the counties taking part in first-class cricket last year, only Kent showed a profit, and that was one of £20, apart from the £500 which was given to that old retainer, Charlie Wright. Those profits are largely aided by Maidstone week and Canterbury week, when the attendance on the Saturday is respectively 9,000 and 14,000 if it is fine. The average attendance at a county match depends largely on the actual fixture. Yorkshire plays so much like a machine that it has a big following. Interest in Lancashire has lagged since Macdonald left. Crowds will always follow a winning team, and Gloucestershire having recently struck a successful streak has had excellent attendances. It is one of the peculiarities of cricket that the crowds on the third and final day are always much smaller than on the preceding ones. You might have thought that cricket enthusiasts would prefer to have been in at the death. Not a bit of it. They want their money's worth primarily. They want to spin out their shilling for the whole six hours of play, not to mention the luncheon and tea interval. The average spectator, however thrilling the finish, does not want to be left in the air at four o'clock in the afternoon with nothing to do.

When I asked whether one solution of the financial crisis of cricket would be to increase the charge of attendance, I was told that it was already as high as it could be fixed. The only economies that seem possible are to cut the salaries of the unfortunate professionals. The pavilion staffs have all been drastically reduced. "Of course, they might cut out the sweet course at lunch," said one All-England player with bitter humour, "but that is about all that is left in the way of further economies." Already some of the counties can no longer afford to give their amateurs first-class railway fares on away matches, and they have to travel third. Soon they will be reducing the

(Continued on p. 492)

uring Canterbury Week which, with Maidstone Week, is largely responsible for the fact that only Kent among all the competing counties showed a profit (£20 after a benefit of £500) on last year's season

SEVENTY-THREE THOUSAND GALLONS OF BEER are kept in each of the huge tanks in the Dortmunder-Hansa brewery in Dortmund, Westphalia, one of the most up-to-date German beer factories. Herein has been discovered the secret of brewing a beer peculiarly suited to the tropics—the credit for which goes to its brewing master, Herr Rust. The windows are of blue glass, as direct sunlight taints the brew



THE BOTTLING-ROOM in the Dortmunder-Hansa, where scores of thousands of bottles an hour are cleaned, filled, labelled, and despatched to the packing-rooms. Most of the bottled beer of this factory is exported to the tropics

"PROSIT!": A Bavarian in native costume pursuing his native avocation. The Bavarian beer-jug is a pitcher of Philemon and a widow's cruse rolled into one, for it is filled up as if by magic as it is emptied

THE PROLETARIAN KITCHEN of the family of a worker in the Zeiss works at Jena is typical of the high standard of life still maintained in all but the most depressed areas

A CONCERT BY TORCHLIGHT: The courtyard of the ex-Kaiser's Palace in Berlin was illuminated when the State Opera Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Erich Kleiber, inaugurated with a concert the series of Berlin Art Weeks of this year of grace

AN ELECTRICAL WASHER is no unusual sight in a proletarian cottage in "starving and bankrupt" Germany, for areas still producing maintain a remarkably high standard of living

"HOT DOGS," "WEENIES," OR "FRANKFURTERS" seem almost as popular in Germany as in New York, whither they were imported and established themselves, under these three names, as a *sine qua non* of the alfresco meal

Germany's Bulwark—

BEER!

Beer! To most European travellers, that means Germany. Beer, not bread, is the staff of German life. It is the source of the nation's humour, the inspiration of its philosophy, the origin of its early morning liver, the cause of its rotundity. It justifies Germany's Past, consoles her Present, and encourages her to meet the Future with defiant *Prosits!*

Superficial observers have frequently expressed the opinion that Germany will be the next Soviet. Not while the breweries of Munich and Dortmund keep filled the uncrossable Rubicon of beer, beyond which the doctrines of Lenin cannot pass to conquer the heart of the German proletariat. To be a good Communist you must start by being a good grouser, a fierce hater: and neither of these things is normal where the supply of beer is plentiful.

German beer is good and there are oceans of it. The quantity brewed last year was approximately 168,000,000 gallons. Most of it was provided by the two cities of Munich and Dortmund, which for several years have run neck and neck in the race for brewing supremacy. On arrival at Munich one has the impression that everyone, from babes to octogenarians, morning, noon, and night, is engaged in quaffing litres of golden, frothy beer. At Dortmund one has the impression that everyone, from babes to octogenarians, is brewing it.

One has that impression because Munich's beer-halls are among the most striking characteristics of its streets. At Dortmund, the moment you enter the city, breweries crowd around you. The air is impregnated with the constituents of beer, the railway sidings are choked with barrels, the hoardings are almost exclusively devoted to the rival posters of breweries, and the whole population as it goes about its business seems to have beer on its mind. "When I die," said a notorious beer drinker, "bury me at Dortmund, where the very dew on the grass tastes of malt."

We approached Dortmund from Cologne through part of the German "Black Country," a region of factories and coalmines, grey and smoky, with lounging unemployed in the stony streets. "Do you have much trouble with the workers in these parts?" I asked a companion. "Oh, not much," he replied. "Dortmund keeps them good-tempered." At Bochum a group of tired workmen trouped into a courtyard, sullen-looking and silent. They sat down in the open at a long, wooden table and began to munch thick slices of black bread and sausage. Presently three or four men came along with huge cans of beer. Every man began to drink. Within five minutes there was not a sullen face left at the table.

Arrived at Dortmund, where the smell of hops teased my nostrils, I was taken over one of the most up-to-date breweries in Germany. This is the Dortmunder-Hansa, which has a special reputation because its brewing-master, the jovial Herr Rust, has discovered the secret of brewing a beer peculiarly suited to the tropics. Herr Rust explained the mysteries of colossal boilers in the brewing-halls; huge tanks containing beer in various stages of fermentation in halls where the windows are all of blue glass because a touch of direct sunlight taints the brew; miles of gigantic underground cellars with vats like ship's boilers; wonderfully equipped laboratories in which samples of every brew are kept and periodically tested; bottling machinery which handles scores of thousands of bottles an hour; and, at the end, in the brewery's private little beer-hall, where appropriate Gothic texts adorn the walls, the precious liquid itself, ready for the eager throat!

But that aspect, the aspect of the eager throat, is perhaps more strikingly emphasized in Munich than in Dortmund. The Bavarian beer-halls, like the Bavarian beer-drinkers, are in a class by themselves. Their atmosphere is almost ritualistic; you simply drink, and drink, and drink with your moon-faced, globe-bellied neighbours. In between, you eat delicious little sausages and oddly-shaped, salted pastries.

Beer in Germany is cheap. The equivalent of half-a-pint can be had for twopence, a pint for fourpence, a quart for sevenpence. The least of us can afford those prices, and, though business be on its last legs and the Government tottering, still are our hope and courage preserved in the liquid poured so freely from Munich and Dortmund.

From these remarks it may be thought that Germany depends solely on two or three big brewing centres for her supplies of beer. Actually, there are a great many breweries in a great many towns of Germany, but nothing like the number which used to exist before the war, when every town of any size at all had at least half-a-dozen breweries. Cologne retains its "echt Kölsch" beer, a very light, bitter brew similar in taste to English bitter. Kölsch beer is very good beer. In fact, I do not know any German beer which is not good.

R. E.

RADIO CITY

The Rockefeller Centre in the Heart of New York

NEW YORK.

In the heart of Manhattan where the American Indians once pitched their tepees on this island and afterwards sold it to the white men for the proverbial "song," a group of gigantic buildings begin to raise their towers to the sky on a site covering three large blocks and almost twelve acres of ground area in this Metropolis of the United States.

These colossal buildings in construction bear the name of Rockefeller Center, more popularly known, perhaps, as "Radio City," and said to represent a cost approximately of 250,000,000 dollars.

In the autumn of 1928 John D. Rockefeller, jun., and his associates undertook to create on this area a departure in city planning, architecture, construction, and decoration.

In their plans for developing the plot the architects and builders endeavoured to bring about a new blend of utility and beauty. A modern group of buildings was to be fabricated and, with this project in view, a group of artists, sculptors, and landscape gardeners and their fellow craftsmen were engaged to devote their talents to the task on a scale hitherto unknown in commercial building construction.

The solving of many problems which have arisen in the design of Rockefeller Center has been achieved in the formation of a general plan for a group of twelve buildings so arranged that on all sides they will have the maximum of light and air. This is being accomplished by following the "Stagger plan," which has long been the ideal of experts in city planning. At diagonal angles from a high central tower will be three smaller towers with wide intervening spaces. The other buildings will be comparatively low.

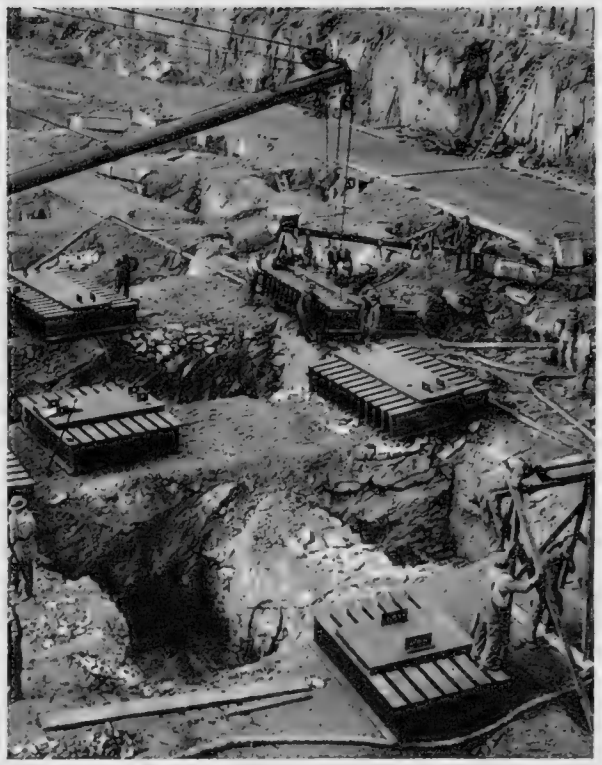
In the middle block, twin six-storey buildings will face Fifth Avenue and form a gateway to the development. On the right hand will stand the British Empire Building, dedicated to the industry, commerce, and art of the British Commonwealth of Nations. This structure will be under the direction of a British Syndicate headed by Lord Southborough. On the left will be La Maison Française, similarly dedicated to the interests of the French Republic. Between these two buildings a wide promenade will slope westward in a gradual decline to the Forum, a sunken plaza which serves as a focal point of the entire project.

Just beyond the Forum, a new north and south thoroughfare will cut through the building centre from 48th Street to 51st Street. To the west of this new street, and occupying the middle of the block, is rising the seventy-storey R.C.A. Building, said to be the world's largest office building in floor area. On the western half of the block, between 50th and 51st Streets, is being constructed the R.K.O. Building, a thirty-one storey office structure, and the International Music Hall, the largest theatre in the world, with a seating capacity of more than six thousand. At the Sixth Avenue end of the south block another large theatre is being built, this one for the presentation of Talkies. Other structures planned for the group include two forty-five storey office buildings, two edifices somewhat similar in type and purpose to the British Empire and French buildings; an office or club building yet in the tentative stage, and a proposed Opera House. One-seventh of the ground of Rockefeller Center is not to be built upon, and will be devoted to beautification and utility. In addition to this, there will be many acres of low roofs and set-backs, all of which will be artistically landscaped.

To give access to the roofs of the theatres in the blocks to the north and south, two bridges will span the city streets.

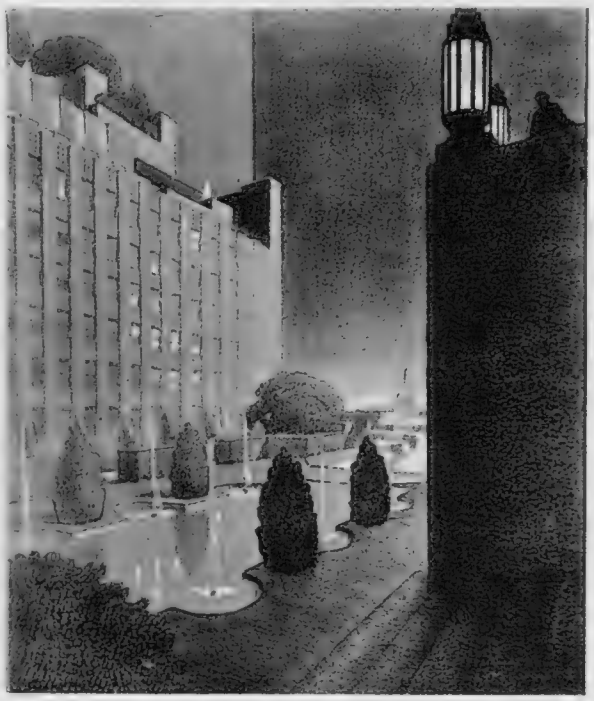
The ornamentation in Rockefeller Center has been planned on an extensive scale. More than forty murals inside the buildings, at least fifty sets of sculpture, and an infinitely varied display of other forms of decoration will contribute to the ornamentive theme. Prominent artists from many nations have been invited to participate in the work of decorating Rockefeller Center. It is designed to make the project a Mecca for lovers of art.

Sculptured figures and fountains will also contribute to the general decorative effect. The designers of Rockefeller Center have planned to make it more than a group of theatre and office buildings. It will be a unified project of vast proportions, its individual elements bound together, not only by architectural design, but also by its ornamentation.



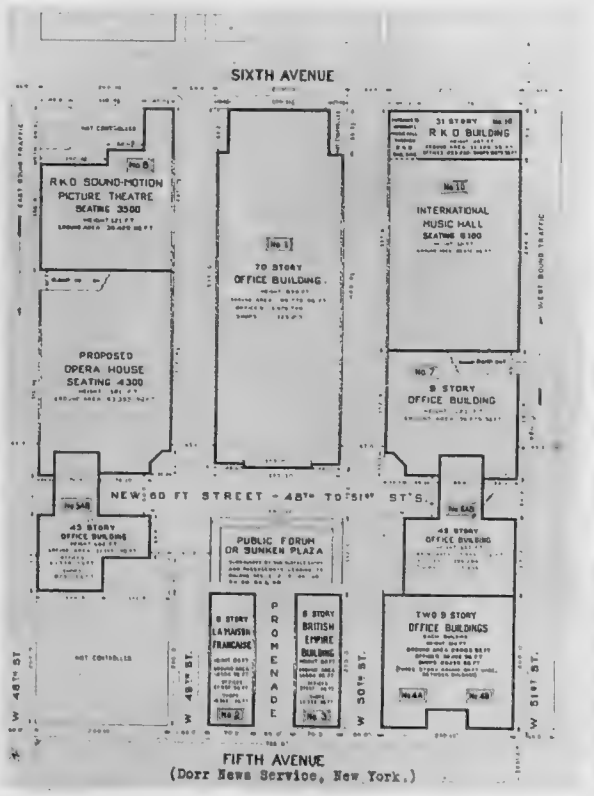
THE FOUNDATIONS: Workmen handling the grillages, ranging from 13 to 31 tons, used in forming the foundation for the seventy-storey building, known by the initials R.C.A., occupying a site west of the newly-built street

AS DESIGNED: A forecast of the aspect of Radio City seen from Fifth Avenue. In the dominating position is the seventy-storey building, while on each side are forty-five storey structures. In the centre foreground the British Empire Building



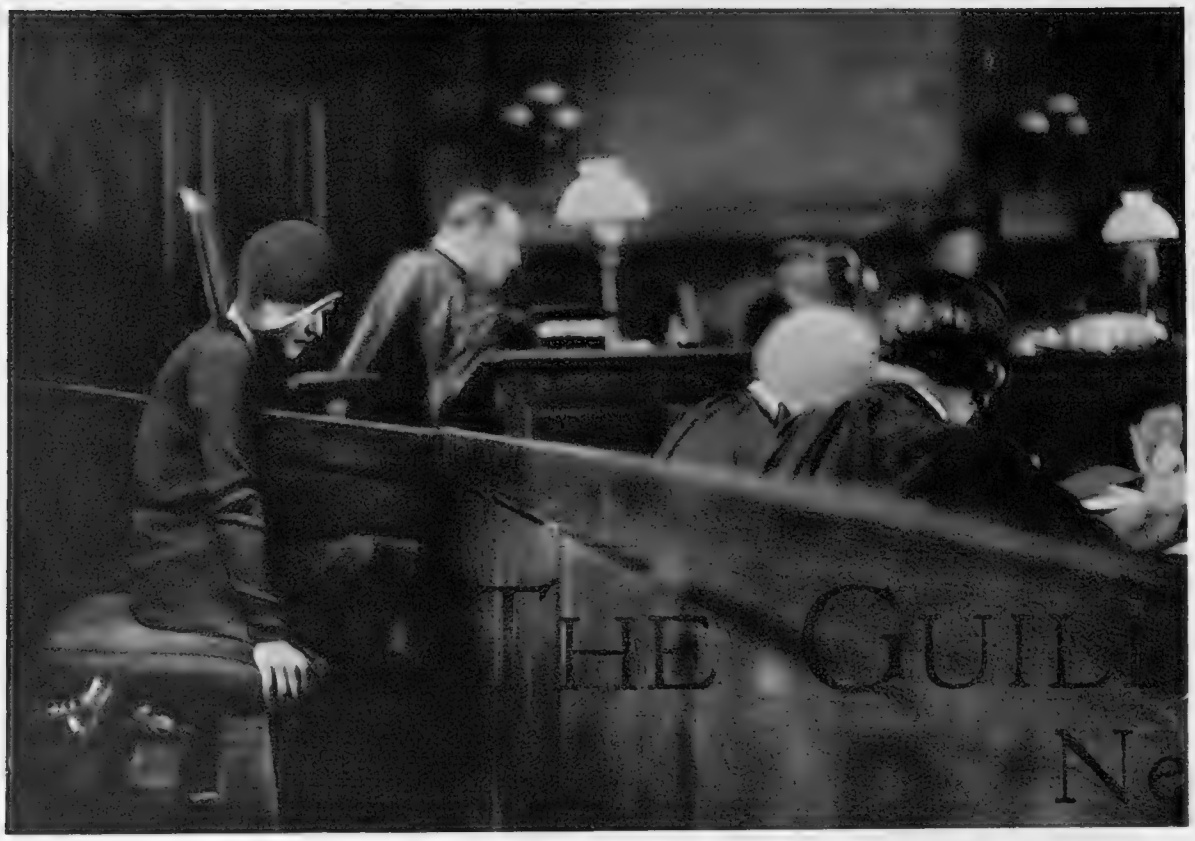
GARDEN SCENE: An aspect on the roof of the seventy-storey office building, below which are the National Broadcasting Studios. The Rockefeller Center is one of the most ambitious architectural schemes in the world

THE ROOF GARDEN of the International Music Hall (which seats 6,000) in Radio City. The R.K.O. building is in the background, while the R.C.A. building is on the left. The picture was taken from a forty-five storey building



THE GROUND PLAN OF THE CITY WITHIN A CITY: Radio City runs from West 48th to West 51st Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and is divided by a newly-built street running north and south

THE NEW WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL which has been moved from its old site on 34th Street and Fifth Avenue to 50th Street. Its twin towers dominate the area to be occupied by the Rockefeller Center



THE GUILLOTINE Needs Oiling

THE ACCUSED: The Courts of Justice in Britain are invariably and inevitably packed with drama; those of France alternate between melodrama and farce. There is no limitation placed on the vituperation or the recollection of Counsel, with the result that many a cause is prejudged—but capital convictions without reprieve are rare

Eight out of ten French murderers, sentenced to death, are currently being pardoned by the Chief of State. Of an aggregate which may approach 1,500 capital crimes a year, perhaps a score find full expiation, the remainder being reduced or whittled away in some form or another. Since the War, M. Millerand alone has been "a guillotining President," and people are beginning to wonder whether it wouldn't be a good thing if M. Lebrun displayed less pity than his immediate predecessors, crime in France (as elsewhere) tending to become so thick and serious. While M. Doumer lay dying in the Beaujon Hospital, the guillotine ought to have been in process of erection on the Boulevard Arago. Almost M. Doumer's last official act, non-guillotining President as he was, had been to refuse clemency to a bandit. A secret hand, however, intervened that morning—some say Madame Doumer—and the President died and not the bandit.

Next month thoughts should again mount to Monsieur Doumer and the guillotine when the Boulevard Arago will be the setting for the execution of his murderer, a foregone conclusion, operations on Gourgoloff's spinal and cerebral fluid having yielded "entire responsibility," as also had previously the alienists' cell observations. The *Police Magazine*, widely circulating, has very thoughtfully revealed how this cell observation works, how criminals simulating brain disorder are trapped. They are led on into reproducing their special manifestations of dementia, at growing intervals, and in the same order of ideas. But a madman is not mad in all things. One has a mania for figures, a second is mystically disturbed (Gourgoloff's missed chance), a third, sadistically so. And, the simulator, usually (at least, heretofore) ignorant of this variation of dementia, will mix several blends together, and thereby register himself as a reasoning being.

All French thoughts, then, will shortly mount to the greatest guillotining scene of the century. It will all be over in a few seconds—one grey and misty winter's morning at Versailles I was just able to count five fingers of one hand between first catching sight of Landru and the Republican Guards' drawing of their sabres in salute to death as Henri-Désiré's headless body was rolled into the basket—hardly one of the thousands of the public who will stay up all night, and many women of the number will see the heavyweight White Russian, but the thrill of death adjacent will be in the morning air—and so to bed, after a night of café excess.

Survival of the Place du Carrousel! Of the Place de la Révolution! (Now Concorde.) Thence, "Louisette" was moved to the Faubourg St. Antoine, the rue St. Honoré having struck at the noise made by the tumbrils. "Louisette" fell but once again on the present Concorde—for Robespierre—and then she moved to the Place de Grève, where the Hôtel de Ville stands to-day. Under the Second Empire "Louisette," now become "la Veuve," was banished to la Roquette. And then to Arago, outside the Santé. Some day the grim Widow may be inside, public beheadings no longer belonging. Or it may be that M. Deibler's machine will fade out altogether, not done away with, but the death penalty remaining on the Statute merely as a formality; all condemned ones will be automatically reprieved, as is already the rule in Brazil.

The shocking assassination, coupled with the sans gêne and youth of so many of the new bandits, the growth of sordid murdering in the countryside, the tendency for nervous fingers ever to be clutching triggers in the towns (women and dope fiends notably), and, rather alarmingly, lately, the inclination of "honest," but wronged citizens, to execute the law themselves for lack of confidence in that institution, these factors are jointly causing the French to ponder if all can be well with their judicial, police, and retribution systems. While we are not going such great guns ourselves, what with motor-gangsters the police know but cannot tackle, and thirty unsolved murder mysteries since 1928, it may be permissible to review the French position much as thinking Frenchmen are themselves reacting.

The first thing that emerges, in English eyes, is the incongruous indulgence shown and, after that, the total lack of homogeneity in sentences for the same class of crime. The absurd over- or under-punishment in many cases. A gigolo who murdered an English dancing girl because she didn't want him got two years and compassion; a cocotte-on-wheels, whose métier was to steer her two-seater slowly close to the pavement, and who one night moved off ever more quickly when the gendarmes started firing at her because she wouldn't stop, got half as much as the gigolo. (Murdered Englishwomen in France are not usually revenged. There have been five of late years—Miss Daniels, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Owen, Miss Branson, and the dancing girl, and two years represents the sum total of punishment meted out for the five.) Miss Branson, for the Aix-en-Provence Court, committed suicide. To do this she shot herself plumb through the forehead from two yards' distance while reading Galsworthy by candle-light at dinner, walked twenty yards to a cistern with enough food in her throat to suffocate her, undid wire netting on top, and slipped down inside nearly naked. Provençal airs were hummed in court, and the young prisoner, who was seen calling on Miss Branson just before the shooting and who sought to cash in on a will in his favour within twelve hours of his benefactress's death, left the court amid much cheering.

To resume: two youths who held up a *Senator's* motoring sons, brandishing a decrepit old musket and a primitive and unloaded pistol, and tied their victims comfortably to trees with string so that the bound ones were able at once to get free, received the Cayenne penal settlement for life. A widower who made his servant girl his mistress wanted a change from alleged nagging and clubbed her, and sawed her head off while she was still living (prisoner admitted seeing movement), got five years. Prisoner was a local councillor, and his counsel advanced: "forty years of probity and one hour of aberration." A doped young lady called Rachel Méry takes her father's revolver, calls on a cinema conductor who would break, fatally pots him, and gets two years with sursis, which means she serves nothing unless rearrested for something else. We should probably have taken note of the fact that prisoner had heavily done the courting. Another young lady, Gabrielle Joron puts six bullets into her ex-friend who has stopped a monthly allowance of £150, and gets acquitted, possibly because the ex-friend was a rich Argentine, les étrangers not being exactly in favour in French courts. A valet named Thébaut goes to Dijon and kills his brother-in-law who, he thought (wrongly), had influenced a divorce. The valet also gets released. A buck nigger named Soleil who married a coloured and then a white woman gets two years—though bigamy is usually a laughed-at offence in France, very rare, moreover, because of the Napoleonic splitting-up of the family estate. That worst form of murderer, a poisoning doctor, with three women victims, is saved from the guillotine. A rich young man who seduces and leaves a girl, drives a married woman into the Seine, and seeks to get back the girl he has left, fails, and kills her, gets twelve years, his counsel pleading that his client has been a victim of "le fardeau de la richesse."

But try and pass a cheque without provision! French law considers this a heinous offence akin to our forgery, and sentences far outstripping some of the above are meted

THE KEYS OF JUSTICE are used too freely to open the doors of the cell, not only in the traditional Latin cases of *crime passionel* but in many other cases when circumstances cannot extenuate

FOR SHOOTING THE LOVER OF HIS WIFE, Le Douaron, a railway employee, was recently tried

FOR SHOOTING HIS MISTRESS, Jean Houyet, a Paris millionaire was charged with the murder of Mlle Robida

out. Even when gaming clubs or "tripots" shove cheque books under weakling-losers' hands, knowing full well it will be a case of "refer to drawer," but calculating that that will give a blackmail lever over the delinquent—even when this happens, off to seclusion the cheque offender goes, it may be for many years. The French view some crimes much more lightly than we do—blackmail and perversion are cases in point—and come down hard on other offences we should be generous about. There is not an inkling of doubt as to who leads the way. The French themselves are quite exercised about their punishment anachronisms, and only the other day sought to better matters by including the jury with the three judges in the imposition of sentences. All fifteen now adjourn, and this, by the way, has led to an astonishing give-away in *Detective*, the weekly edited by the novelist, Kessel. In a leader it is pointed out that the summing-up from the bench was done away with thirty years ago, and the fear is expressed that the tribunals getting together with the jury, naturally with the president as conductor of events, may lead to a revival of a sort of summing-up in camera which might be a bad

France is Sustaining a Crime Wave and is Chary of Administering the Death Penalty; the Court Procedure has Lost its Solemnity — and Something should be Done

By FERDINAND TUOHY

thing as "few presidents know how to remain really impartial."

French judges hardly operate in circumstances conducive to impartiality. Often ill-paid and open to politics, they come right down into the arena and get all hot under the collar with counsel, sometimes with the accused. They also lead off with a sort of inquisitorial summarizing of a prisoner's past and character, contrary to our rigid keeping of such pre-damning matter until after the verdict. A French judge will say, "You served gloriously in the War, gaining the Croix de Guerre and earning a 100 per cent. disability pension as a great mutilated one. You are sober, an honest bread-winner, the neighbours speak well of you. You have given eleven children to the patrie. How is it that you cut up this small girl?" The chances are that such a judicial summary will save even the most revolting criminal.

Conversely, a judge will go all out after a prisoner, painting him, from the past, in the vilest colours, and long before the jury has heard a word of the case which has brought them together. Trials become saturated with artificially contrived "sob stuff" and with irrelevancies of which such things as heredity and the family position are the mildest; popular lawyers are not only allowed to talk baldermash—such as "le fardeau de la richesse"—but may freely turn the assizes into a histrionic holiday. There is a lack of dignity, and the public feels and knows that much of what goes on is farcical or unfair, or both. And the dispensation of justice falls accordingly into disrepute. And crime flourishes because of the loopholes offered.

Hardly a wife who shoots a sleeping husband, saying he was a brute and about to attack her, but gets away with it. Or a husband will kill a lover and go free under the unwritten law. A man named Pottiez has just scored here. This form of licensed killing, on the increase, has led to the preventive proposal that wife-stealers, foyer-burglars, should be sentenced just the same as swipers of non-living matter. Time-honoured "crimes passionels" aside, condonation has reached a point which amounts to a positive invitation. Crimes "of interest," such as the removal of someone who is wasting the family money, are condoned; a classic instance being the acquittal of a Lyons officer who removed his mother-in-law because she suddenly started overspending, on the gay life, moneys that should have descended to his offspring—the woman hadn't even insured herself! Officials, however minor, are usually sure of lenient treatment. Another "removal murder," common in agricultural communities and condoned, is that of the head of the family who is holding up things, or who has become impossible through age and brutality due to a failing brain. Distinct survival of primitive man (animals are the same now).

Most corners of France regularly provide crimes of interest, drink, or passion. The French peasant, result of centuries of oppression, is hardly high on the human ladder — we have been freemen for 1,100 years—while one cannot dodge the notion that the sanctity of human life is less respected in the Republic in part because of the freedom with which it was taken in the Revolution; disregard for life has come down in descendants. And, alas! weapons are eternally to hand. Revolvers, knives, shotguns, hatchets. Here one encounters another wide divergence from ourselves.

The police, including the detective branch, are good, but they are not backed up. One might say that France tackles crime well with one hand, while rendering it an easy matter with the other. This refers especially to the infernal custom of nearly every man, and a good many women, going armed. What a multitude of crimes would never have been committed if a Browning had not lain ready to the touch in pocket or handbag! The traffic in private arms, so powerful are the vested interests concerned, is not to be coped with. One may buy a revolver as a piece of charcuterie. There was hilarity in court when a gunsmith said of Lady (Edmée) Owen, "She came to me, like so many women, to learn how to fire. Useful nowadays, is it not? Of course, I didn't teach her to *kill!* Madame was very adroit. I should not like to find myself at twenty-five paces from her. She is a pupil of whom I am proud."

An inventor, M. Dion, has put on the market a pistol which expels immediate sleep-provoking fumes upon an aggressor and it is argued that this instrument should be substituted for cartridges, the invariable excuse of people who fire first being self-defence. The vicious circle of revolver-carrying can only be broken by the strictest system of licences and a possible ten years, as with us, for violation. Poles and Italians, resident in large numbers in France, seem always to go armed. They figure daily in the crime list, thereby darkening the word "étranger" because the French always refer to them sweepingly as such. It is a subject for congratulation that British subjects in France rarely, if ever, are gaoled, save an occasional confidence man. There has been only one murder in my time by a mad young bank clerk.

In general it may be said that the French police are not backed by the law, whereas ours are; that in France the public dislike the police while with us the tendency is to be pals; and that in the room of our sober inquest and police court proceedings, the French police and detective effort is apt to be compromised if not ruined by freely incompetent, self-seeking, and venal investigating magistrates out for publicity. The hunters down of crime are further handicapped by insufficiency of trained personnel, faced as they are by a vast concourse of potential criminals. Murderous half-wits are continually being let loose only to commit further crime, while it is the fashion, quite wrongly many think, to consider drunken people, guilty of murder, as irresponsible. Without doubt a good deal of crime in France would cease if the forty odd different kinds of ersatz absinthe, at a low price and to be had at all times, were drained dry.

Against this, the police have considerable advantages over, say, our own. We know what the Savidge case did in the way of hampering the play of justice. The French police can question to their hearts' content and even bring great pressure to bear on suspected persons, such as submitting them to "the thirst degree" or no water for forty-eight hours, although it may be trickling within sight (all wrong, of course; besides, victims may admit anything in their torture). This week an innocent husband named Thiercelin was "kitchened" for sixteen consecutive hours, being punched awake. His wife had been found shot, strangled, and incinerated in a wood near Paris. Another advantage concerns the Sûreté Générale being able to operate, at will, in any part of the country.

In sum: the French police lay the criminals by the heels all right, but the Republic nullifies things by as regularly handing back the means to crime, in more than one way, as above indicated.

I have been weighing that other important aspect, the inculcation of crime by the films, by thrillers, and through the Press, and conclude that we have rather more to correct than the French. Young France is barred from drinking in gangster glorification on the screen. The deluge of murder thrillers is not a vogue. On the other hand. the popular Press is disfigured by more blood and gruesomeness than is the case with us; the "roman policier" tempts many an adolescent into emulation, as with an effeminate youth now being tried for shooting two passengers in the Dieppe express; while illustrated weeklies devoted to blood, well edited and turned out, yet devoted to blood, work their inevitable suggestioning. Soon the word "gangster" should come up before the Academy. Recently *Detective* minutely taught in two pages how "l'attaque sur la banque" (in the Boulevard Haussmann) was done.

An unexpected swelling of the criminal ranks has eventuated from modern young women dispensing with bullies and electing to dig together à deux for protection. This has deprived large numbers of young men "du milieu," and usually answering to such styles as "Dédé" and "Tonton," of subsistence allowance, and they have turned to crime as a way out "in the cruel period we are traversing." I saw an interesting list of bullies the other day. They are divided in four categories of which I give the first two: professional dancers, jazz singers, cinema artists, motor salesmen, dope purveyors, and (2) taxi-owner-drivers, jazz-banders, barmen, owners of bars and furnished rooms, theatre-ticket sellers, professional motor and cycle racers.

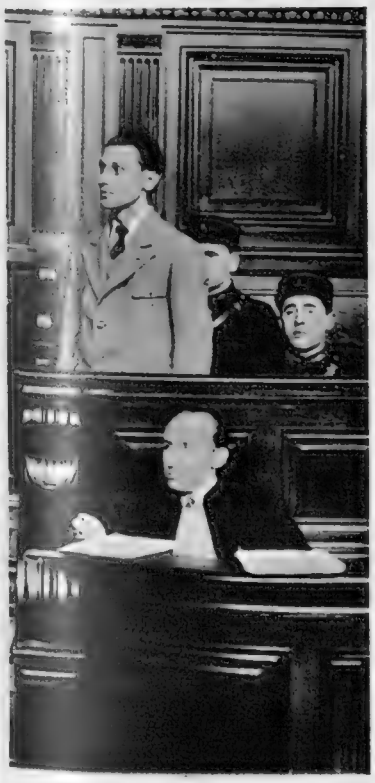
How far unemployment has cut into this assorted collection is obvious. And now the little women are turning them down as well! The sequel is more crime and intensive living on one's wits. The gamut of fraud is essayed. French people can be awfully credulous, even mesmerized by such a word as "banquier." At Nice last year an escaped convict arrived from Toulon, opened a bank on the Promenade des Anglais, collected £30,000, and left. We should have had inquiring inspectors. On the other hand, our Companies Act has been referred to as legal banditry. . . .

The principal crime novelty has been the nocturnal aggression, consisting of young fellows, often of good upbringing, hopping stealthily from perambulating and stolen cars and snatching women's handbags or messengers' satchels, or holding up tardy males in secluded streets. It is related that husbands sometimes attribute their lack of funds, on returning home, to having been aggressed, and that amorous wives who have given too freely to their pet gigolo advance similar excuse. Oddly, smash-and-grab raids are not yet signalled, despite as tempting window displays as any in Europe. Nor, so far, have bank and postal "revolverizing" really shown an increase over the far-off days of a Bonnot, although in the cases that are occurring there lurks more than a suspicion of that growing bane, accomplices on the inside. On second thoughts, the absence of smash and grab may be explained by the density of Paris crowds and by the constant propinquity of gendarmes who are, moreover, armed. As for the provinces, they will adopt where Paris has not led.

The coming of M. Herriot may possibly have effect on French crime and punishment, inasmuch as he came out strongly for the closing down of the penal colonies when in power eight years ago. Among other things it is claimed that Cayenne generates an aristocracy of ruffians topped by a halo of romance, and that it is much better to exterminate such Neanderthal throwbacks as, for instance, the nervi of Marseilles, descended from the galleys, and with no sense of right or wrong whatsoever (nervi recently killed three police inspectors).

"When they are dead they are dead," as Mr. Smith of brides-in-the-bath infamy once observed. Mass, cigarette, rum, no collar, cold morning, biff, crash, scrunch—and no hero stories to leak home, and the rising generation definitely discouraged.

Yet we should remember that M. Herriot is a tender-hearted sentimentalist who may wish to banish the Widow even should such enormities as the *Georges Philippar* and train wrecking, and now, road sabotage, be gaining adepts. M. Herriot may turn from the exemplary sanctions demanded. But it might be a far, far better thing if he didn't.



FOR SHOOTING THE WIFE OF A FRIEND. Nikas Gresfondis was charged and pleaded he loved her too much to live without her

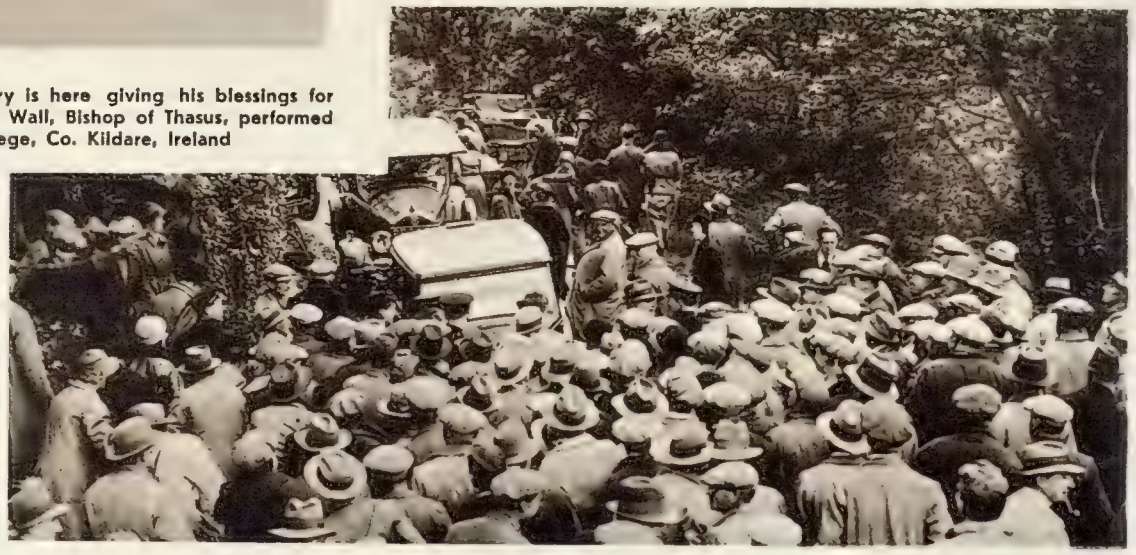
FOR SHOOTING HER SOLICITOR. Mme Marie Anne of Brittany was arraigned before the Assizes of Paris

From IRELAND and the PROVINCES

THE FIRST BLESSING: The young Father David Barry is here giving his blessings for the first time after ordination. The Most Rev. Dr. Wall, Bishop of Thasus, performed ordinations last week at Maynooth College, Co. Kildare, Ireland

THE DUBLIN BOYS' BRIGADE held its annual parade in the grounds of Lord Iveagh's estate a few days ago. The inspecting officer was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Taylor-Smith, once Chaplain-General to the British Army

BUCKFAST ABBEY COMPLETED: A Benedictine monk at work on the church commemorating the Buckfast Abbey of 800 years ago



FURIOUS FARMERS created a scene at two tithe distraint sales at Hooe, Sussex, at one of which an effigy of Lord St. Audries was burned at the stake. The auctioneer is seen above getting away from the angry crowd

RELEASE: Eleven Dartmoor prisoners, whose sentences have been remitted because of their loyal behaviour during the recent "mutiny" and its subsequent disturbances, walked out free from the prison early one morning and caught a train to Plymouth. The group of well-dressed fortunate unfortunates is seen above

THE NEW LONDON

We See To-Day

THE BATTERSEA POWER STATION: The huge station erected for the supply of electricity to the grid system is rapidly assuming its final form. A zoned tower at the northern end breaks the severity of the walls enclosing the generating machinery

THE QUAY: On the river face of the Battersea Power Station area, there has been constructed a special quay where the vast supplies of coal will be handled by the transport ways connecting ships with the special feed bunkers of this great enterprise of the London Power Company

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY EXTENSION: This view is taken from a point in Orange Street behind both the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery, one older section of which is seen in the background. The new block over-tops the latter and has tall windows

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE IN JEOPARDY: Work in progress owing to cracks that have made their appearance. All damaged ironwork and masonry are to be renewed. A recent article in "The Sphere" showed that the Waterloo Bridge crisis was caused by the action of the River Fleet in previous times, and other bridges on the bend of the Thames—including Westminster—are prone to sinking of the foundations from the same cause

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STIRRING HAPPENINGS OF

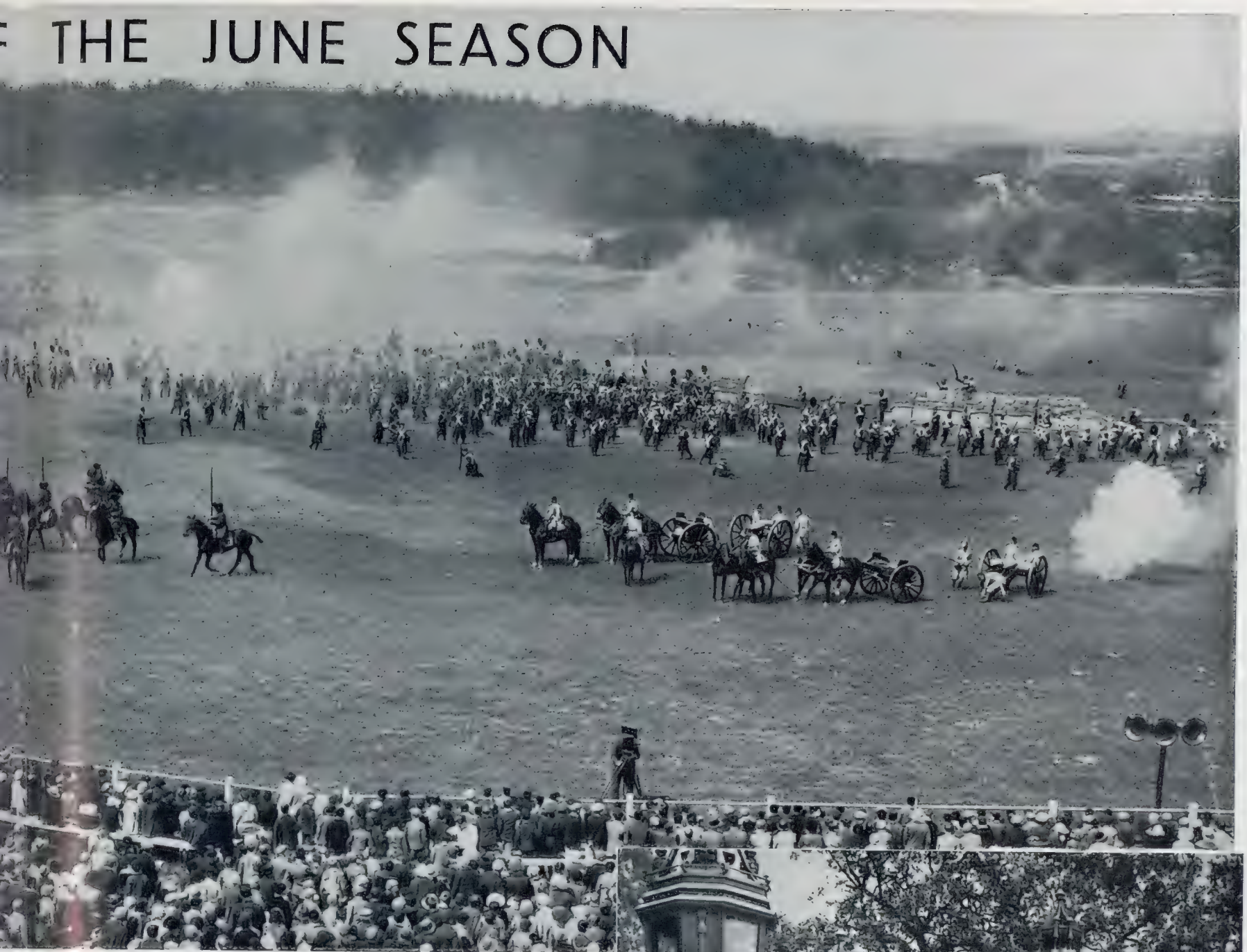
THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN: One of the brilliantly effective scenes in the great "set piece" of this year's Aldershot Tattoo. The arms, uniforms, and all accoutrements are historically accurate

BATTLE IN THE SURREY HILLS: A general view of the re-staging of the Battle of Ink Tattoo. Special arrangements have of necessity been made to cope with the te Aldershot. The great arena for the few days of the annual festival is transfom novation this year is a detachment of the Toronto Regime

COACHING TO RICHMOND: One of the four-in-hands after the meet at the Magazine, Hyde Park, makes its way to the Richmond Horse Show last week

THE UNVEILING OF THE ALEXANDRA MEMORIAL: The ceremony, fittingly taking place on Alexandra Rose Marlborough House, to "his dear mother." His speech was simple, eloquent, and moving. The Queen, the of Connaught, the Princess Royal, and the Duchess of York were all present. Me

F THE JUNE SEASON



of Inkerman in the Crimean War that forms one of the features of this year's Military
he terrific volume of traffic that wends its way in the evenings along all roads leading to
nsformed into the Army's shop window—the display of a more than multiple store. An in-
Regiment for whose visit the Canadian public has subscribed

a Rose Day, at which the King unveiled the memorial, set in a recess in the garden wall of
een, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, the Duke
ent. Members of the Cabinet attended as did a parade of nurses

THE ALEXANDRA MEMORIAL, sculpted by Sir Alfred Gilbert, R.A., for which money was subscribed from all over the world. This group with its symbolic figures of Faith and Hope on each side, between whom sits Charity blessing a youth (the three figures of the Christian Graces typify the virtues of the late Queen-Mother) has achieved for the great artist the official position he has so long lacked—he resigned from the Academy in 1909—and has only just been given the accolade. False to recent tradition but true to that of Tennyson, the Poet Laureate composed an ode in honour of the occasion.

WHO WINS AT WIMBLEDON?

THE KILL: Dr. J. C. Gregory, our hardest hitting player, in a typically pugnacious attitude executes a characteristic shot

THE FOREHAND DRIVE: Miss Dorothy Round, our most consistent woman player, sweeps the ball deep to the forehand corner of her opponent's court. This is, perhaps, Miss Round's most effective shot and is the basis of all singles play

THE HIGH FOREHAND VOLLEY: Miss Mary Heeley plays this stroke—a purely defensive one, as the ball is not dropping enough to be killed—with a somewhat shortened grip and has directed her shot to her opponent's forehand. The racquet is held at a backward tilt to preclude the possibility of netting the ball

THE SMASH: Mr. H. W. Austin deals effectually with an overhead shot until last year a weakness in his game

CHASING A LOB: Señorita de Alvarez, a 1932 absentee, goes back to the baseline after an incursion to the net, watching the ball all the way

THE BACKHAND DRIVE: Mr. J. S. Olliff, a brilliant stroke player, executes a low trajectory drive. The left arm sweeps out as a counterpoise

THE LOW BACKHAND VOLLEY: M. Jean Borotra, the world's most spectacular player in the air, brings off a typical shot on the run

THE SLASH: Mr. J. S. Olliff plays a high forehand shot with heavy downward cut or chop—a stroke beloved of Miss Elizabeth Ryan

Hamlet wondering whether he ought to kill his uncle, a contract player deliberating whether to bid a grand slam, a weather forecaster tempted to prophesy *one* summer's day in England—the dilemmas of such are easily answered compared to the ill-fated critic of tennis endeavouring to assess the comparative worth of the several outstanding Wimbledonians in the several events of the Great Festival of the Lawn.

In the Men's Singles Britain pins her faith to Austin, who may not be as yet sufficiently fit to stand the strain, and Perry, who found his temperament and the linesmen, backed up by the fire of Menzel (whom he last year beat in three sets), insuperable obstacles in the French championships. America puts her money on Shields, Wood, or Ellsworth Vines, the reigning champion, as yet unseen in England; Mangin and the others being definitely outclassed. Japan, Czecho-Slovakia (with 14 stone of Menzel), Holland, Poland, Ireland (with 6 ft. 8 in. of Lyttleton Rogers), and even Italy, whose Signor de Stefani "ran up" in Paris, are not on the *tapis*, although they may well bring down more fancied contestants for the title—*à la* Sharpe and Cochet last year. Australia's Mr. Crawford seldom does well in the singles in England, and Hopman is as yet unknown. France has still her Cochet—winner in France, "outed" first round in the 1932 Wimbledon—but she has no other aspirant worthy of her faith; Borotra is too out of practice, Lacoste too frail, Boussus too doubtful.

If Cochet survives to the last eight he should win. He remains the wizard of the lawn, but he still plays the in-and-out stuff that makes the hearts of his adorers drop to their boots. He is the safest "nap" in the event, with a "saver" on Vines or Perry.

In the doubles, with the draw as we go to press not published and the entries dubious, my advice is an American pair for a nap, with a "hedge" on Toto Brugnon and Cochet. The former is far and away the finest doubles player in Europe, and the latter is devastating on his day. We have no longer a fine doubles pair in Britain; Hughes has no adequate partner, and I. G. Collins has been playing lamentable stuff—largely, in my opinion, owing to the "nerves" he is supposed not to possess! I shall never forget his pitiful over-exertion in his endeavours to take everything in the final of the mixed last year, when Miss Ridley was playing better than either her partner or her opposite number, Mrs. Harper. And Collins has a bad attack of chronic "double-itis."

The women's doubles is another impasse. Our first pair—Eileen and Betty—are unquestionably the best team entered, but they so seldom come off. If Betty is steady and Eileen concentrates on the game and not the gallery, they should win; but will they? They are our best hope, but the Metaxa-Sigart combination, that should have won last year, and the American first pair are my preference. I should have a safe each way bet on Helen and Co., whoever be the Co., despite the fact that Mrs. Moody is pre-eminently a singles player.

The mixed—O! Shades of Tennis Temperament!—what shall be said? If Miss Ryan has a partner, she is superb; her only possible challengers are Vines and Mrs. Moody or Perry and Miss Nuthall. Eileen and Cochet are both too erratic to be seriously considered. Betty and Perry, who won from Helen and Wood our only title at Auteuil, should be written with an "if" with a capital I. If they both are on top of their game, as they were in France, they are unbeatable; if not (so much more than likely, alas!) they are beaten before going on to the court. Of the American pair, whom I have not seen play, it is safe only to say that the U.S.A. does not usually shine in mixed—Miss Ryan being the exception that proves the rule.

The Women's Singles, in fact, is the only practically "open-and-shut" affair. Mrs Moody has still her "no set against her since 1927 in championship tennis" record, although she was given a jolt in France. Cilli Aussem is a probable absentee; Lili de Alvarez a certain one. The safest "place" bets are Fräulein Krahwinkel and Madame Mathieu; the best outsider, Betty Nuthall.

But Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody—a more than odds-on favourite—is no Orwell.

G. H. W. R.

HIKING

The Phenomenon of the Post-War Youth

A clamour of voices and laughter, a clatter of heavy shoes, a burst of song waking the usual somnolent quiet of small country stations, and ruffling the traditional hush of an English Sunday into a shocked and startled astonishment. Hikers! Boys in shorts or plus fours or grey flannels; girls in bright-coloured jumpers, in breeches or brief skirts. A laughing, noisy crowd, surging into the train like an invading army—eight, ten, fifteen, twenty in a carriage. Flushed, tired, blown about by wind and rain, burnt by the sun, and yet supremely, gorgeously, radiantly happy.

The word "hiking" is not to be found in any of the old dictionaries, not at least in its present meaning. Such names as rover, wanderer, landloper, vagabond, one finds, and also the more staid and sober pedestrian, foot-passenger, walker; but hiker seems to be a modern idiom come over from America, reminiscent also of the pedlar who hikes his wares about the country, or derived ultimately, perhaps, from the word "trek," which comes from South Africa.

It is true that even in pre-War days people occasionally went for walking tours, or what they called "a tramp in the country," but they did it with a certain diffidence and unobtrusiveness. whereas the modern hiker in his khaki shorts and shirts open at the neck, with his untidy hair, his knapsack and long long stick, advertises himself without any false modesty or shame. Somewhat blatant he may be, but as a symbol of modern youth he provides a vigorous and healthy antidote to the languid young men who spend their time going from one cocktail party to another, and affect pomaded hair, spotted scarves, and an intimate and superior knowledge of modern art.

"Them queer walking folk" are familiar now in every village in England, viewed by the country people as somewhat eccentric and new-fangled in their ways, but accepted generally with tolerant if somewhat sceptical good humour. Their free and easy manners provide a constant pleasurable topic of scandal, the girls' short skirts or breeches are examined with wondering curiosity, their laughter and noise are accepted with smiling indulgence, their general untidiness is regarded as just part of the game.

"We are only too ready to welcome the hikers to our parish and our church," one clergyman remarked somewhat dubiously the other day. "But we do wish they would sometimes make use of a comb."

There are other things also which seem a pity—the empty tins, the discarded matchboxes, the cigarette ends and bits of paper which disfigure the countryside, the disregard for other passengers in the trains and motor coaches, the inclination to ignore totally laws and restrictions, the want of attention paid to private property, a slightly socialistic tendency as regards the unassailable prerogative of youth.

The Right of Way Act which has just been passed has opened hitherto forbidden ground to the hikers, and now they are clamouring for still more privileges, and urging the passing of the Access to Mountains Bill, which will allow them to roam at liberty over the downs and moors and hills of England, and leave hardly a corner immune from intrusion.

Within the last two years hiking has increased to such an extent and become so generally prevalent that it is really a little difficult to see where it will end, and a little alarming to contemplate the extent to which it may grow. One begins to wonder whether the country side, especially in the vicinity of big towns, will be large enough to accommodate the ever-increasing hordes of bare-legged, sunburnt boys and girls. The gardens and parks of great houses will no longer be private, country lanes will soon resemble crowded thoroughfares, country inns will be as noisy and crowded as popular Corner Houses, and older and staider folk, wishing to have a quiet Sunday walk, will have to restrict themselves to the silent streets of the deserted cities.

M. B.

OUTWARD BOUND: A couple of hikers believe in starting their walking in the country early

A FEELING OF "FAG": Two women hikers, exploiting not only the shorts that were the rage last year but the grey flannels that have come in with a rush in the 1932 season, stop for a rest on a five-barred gate—a typical vignette of hiking all over the world

AT KINDER SCOUT hikers have had a tilt or two with the local keepers, for it is enjoined that to go off the footpaths in this area constitutes trespass, and few hikers are very punctilious on the subject of right of way

PILGRIMS FOR PLEASURE: A trio of girls in Essex carry stakes recalling those of the palmers of olden days. Bare legs, short socks, bérets, and knapsacks are integral portions of Miss 1932's kit for a walking tour

THE HIKERS' RALLY at Whatstandwell, Derbyshire, was held by the Midland Federation of Ramblers to commemorate the passing of the Right of Way Bill through the Commons. The left hand picture shows the singing of a serenade composed in honour of the occasion; on right is Mr. J. Croft who has been an ardent hiker for fifty years and is still walking. Mr. Holford Knight, M.P., the hikers' Parliamentary champion, was present at this rally. Hikers are now turning longing eyes to Westminster in the hope that the Access to Mountains Bill will also be passed

MR. SISLEY HUDDLESTON whose new book, *The Captain's Table*, is to be published by Harrap in July. He does for a transatlantic liner what Vicki Baum did for a great hotel. Mr. Huddleston is seen in his Normandy garden

BOOKS:

Victorianism Comes into its Own Again: An Advertiser Advertises—Himself: The Balance of Scarborough Contrasts with the Fanaticism of Upton Sinclair

By CECIL ROBERTS

An interesting change in current thought during the last five years is marked by the appearance of the final volume of the letters of Queen Victoria. This enormous task of editing the correspondence and journal of the Queen who ruled England through its most memorable years of power and wealth has been the work of successive editors. With the last volume, *The Letters of Queen Victoria (1886–1901)*, edited by George Earle Buckle (Murray. 25s.), there closes a long record of which one effect is certainly the rehabilitation of the great Queen in public estimation after the reaction which reached its height in the enticing caricature that carried the late Lytton Strachey to fame. It is no longer a term of derision or defamation to call a thing Victorian. It will not be many years, I venture to prophesy, before the word becomes a synonym for all that was comfortable and secure in English life. We are even now beginning to see that in dress, art, and architecture it was not wholly the age of horror. It had no Epstein, and even though it erected the Albert Memorial—which is coming into favour again among many a little tired of the Germanic mood of modern architecture—it spared us anything like the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. I never ride down the Cromwell Road, that epitome of the prosperity of the Victorian, without admiring the solidity and dignity of those porticoed houses. That they were establishments of torture for thousands of domestic servants who carried coals up murderous flights of stairs and looked upon life through area gratings I am well aware, but the exterior of the Cromwell Road does present a phase of Victorian life that is not devoid of dignity and beauty. A recent play, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, brought the revelation that early-Victorian costume was not so funny to observe in colour and movement as the back pages of *Punch* had suggested. To-day, when I am taken to a modern flat and asked to sit on art chairs, rest my arms on aluminium bars, look into a fire that is an electrically-heated rod, drink a monstrous American invention called a cocktail, sacred to an age of no palate, and contemplate a wall barren except for a picture that might be more tolerable upside down, I begin to wonder whether the revolt against the antimacassar has not been carried too far. The other day I met a friend in revolt against the modern bedstead. He had paid large sums for mattresses with a thousand small springs, he had slept in a series of spirals that were supposed to keep the line of the spine in order, with the result that he had not slept at all. He had gone out and bought for a few shillings an old wire mattress that one wound up at one end with a key. "I have never been so comfortable in all my life; the Victorians knew how to go to sleep, believe me," he said.

I think they knew how to rule. They were often brusque, they were quite sure that God had selected them to rule inferior people, but they were not incapable of decisive action that often averted trouble. This new volume covers the South African War. It opens with the incidents of the Jameson raid. It closes with the triumphant return of Lord Roberts from the South African War. Then, as if she had closed a chapter in history, the old Queen closed her eyes and slept for ever. It is the fashion now to deride the South African War, to say that it should never have taken place. Already we are saying that about the Great War. No war ever should take place. It is a breakdown of the sanity of the human mind. No war is worth winning at any price whatsoever. But when reason fails and one side persists in stupidity and irritation, when no persuasion, no negotiation can avail anything, what then? In that problem lies the whole futility of human affairs. It was so with the South African War. President Kruger was bent upon making the position of the Uitlanders quite impossible. Dr. Jameson took the law into his own hands, and tried to force reason and toleration from the Boer President. He took the wrong action, but he only anticipated the futility of negotiation with those determined to make the situation impossible. It would have been quite reasonable for the old little lady occupying the throne of England, worn with many years of power, to have failed in her task of protecting the minority in its rights. She did not fail, she did not even falter. She went boldly forward into an unpleasant task and brought it to a successful conclusion. The letters covering the period of this war should dispose of the customary sneers that greet the statesmanship of the period of that campaign. It is difficult to see how history could have been written otherwise.

One effect this book must have upon the reader who does not sacrifice his sense of humour to his love of the monarchical system. It is often a comic show, with utter absurdities and an obsequiousness that is often nauseating. The divine right of kings to make sycophants of their subjects had not then passed away, perhaps it will never pass away. Every year there are millions of spines born to be bent and revelling in the lowered head and voice. Lord Kitchener presents his humble duty, and after ten lines of flattery comes to the point, which is to thank Her Majesty for her gracious inquiries and to beg to say that his cold is very much better. The antics of the Kaiser are again to the fore in his relations with his beloved grandmamma, who alone among living persons could put fear into his wayward heart. He sent Kruger an encouraging telegram, was rapped over the knuckles by the Queen, and hastily tried to explain away his indiscretion. "Most Beloved Grandmama,—Allow me by these lines to convey to your feet my best thanks for the pretty flower-pot which graced my Xmas table, and upon which I look with feelings of gratitude for your never ending kindness to me."

How firm she could be, and how often she proved right in her firmness! In the eras of Gladstone, Disraeli and Salisbury, great men and forceful as they were, they did not rule the Queen. In all this correspondence she is the directing mind. Loyalty was her great characteristic. Never does she show in a better light than in her firm defence of her minister, Lord Salisbury, against the monstrous attack upon him by the German Emperor after the Samoa incident. "I doubt whether any Sovereign ever wrote in such terms to another Sovereign, and that Sovereign his own Grandmother, about their Prime Minister. I never should do such a thing, and I never personally attacked or complained of Prince Bismarck, though I knew well what a bitter enemy he was to England and all the harm he did," wrote the Queen. It was the same during the South African War, when all was not going well and the generals were being severely criticized. She insisted that Balfour should suppress these criticisms. "You must all show a firm front, and not let it be for a moment supposed that we vacillate in the least. An enquiry after the war itself is over can be held, but not now."

This book completes a great task; it is the last of nine volumes, and in interest is superior to many of its predecessors. It is perhaps idle to speculate whether, had she lived, the 5,000,000 lives squandered in the World War would have been spared. Certain it is that the German Emperor would have hesitated before playing with fire. "Ever your most devoted and obedient Grandson, Willy," he frequently signed himself. It seems likely that he believed the words he wrote.

In an autobiography, *Spilt Ink* (Benn. 10s. 6d.), Mr. Wareham Smith, an advertisement manager under Northcliffe, narrates, not the power of the Press, but the power of the profession that has now got control of the Press, namely, the advertisement department. He was appointed the advertisement manager of *The Daily Mail*, and served under the despotic Northcliffe. There is phantasy in this story, as of that of the hall porter, Mr. Glover, at Carmelite House, who was called to Carlton House Terrace by Northcliffe. There he gathered a crowd of advertising men and introduced to them the new Advertisement Director. "Mr. Glover will now explain to you gentlemen what I want with regard to these advertisements, and, as he weighs eighteen stone and has a reach as long as Jack Dempsey, you had better take heed." Mr. Smith has a heavy hand at flattery. All his confrères appear to have been geniuses, all have been knighted. After every name there appears the magic enchantment, for Mr. Wareham Smith, the bracket—(now, Sir). In future I shall assume that all knights have won their spurs on space rates. Their number is legion. The most breathless admiration is reserved for one agent who boasts in *Who's Who* that he has refused two knighthoods. We shall now expect that D.G. (Declined Garter) will be considered a higher distinction than K.G. It is a topsy-turvy world, as Mr. Wareham Smith observes when he was suddenly told that his health had broken down and was sent on a holiday from which he was instructed not to return. Illimitable effrontery, courage, energy, boost are the qualities that seem to lead to the dizzy heights and Rolls-Royces of the advertisement world. But what quality was it that enabled any man to put up with the humiliations that Northcliffe heaped upon his employees? A Sultan of Turkey could not have been more cruel and cantankerous, mingling ludicrous generosity with spiteful humour. The Northcliffe "messages" in this book reveal a mind of astonishing vigour and unbalance. "I cannot accept Mr. Churchill's view that Labour is incapable of governing. After all, who are our governors? One is Dr. Addison, a small suburban

(Continued on p. 492)

RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Life of John Redmond," by DENIS GWYNN (Harrap. 25s. net); "The Indian Police," by J. C. CURRY (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d. net); "Fifty Years, 1882–1932," Edited by GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d. net); "The Peter Jackson Omnibus," by GILBERT FRANKAU (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net); "The Return of Bull Dog Drummond," by SAPPER (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net); "The Theatre Crime," by FRED ANDREAS (G. Bles. 7s. 6d. net)

HOCUS POCUS: Miss Adele Dixon, Mr. Rolf Mueller, Mr. Walter Janssen, and Mr. Ralph Goodwin in the successful new satirical play at the Garrick presented by Mr. Leon M. Lion

THE GALLERY SCENE FROM *HOCUS POCUS*: Miss Adele Dixon from the satirical tilt against hypocrisy presented at the Garrick the pundits who criticize art without due knowledge and true

PLAYS :

British Ballet on the Up-tack : Brilliant Satire at the Garrick : Vieux Jeu at the Globe : Tempest at the St. James's : Vanbrugh at the Ambassadors

By PHILIP PAGE

It was obvious that, serious blow though the death of Serge Diaghileff was to the cause of ballet, it was not going to be the knock-out. You cannot give the public a taste for a new and rare delight and then snatch it away from them with a "never again!" I am surprised, indeed, that it has taken so long for London to secure for itself a full-length ballet season such as the Camargo Society are running, with inaugural social blessing at the Savoy Theatre. The season is not comparable in scale or achievement with the work of the Diaghileff troupe at its zenith. But the wise step of amalgamating all existing forces (a step only talked about in the world of opera) has actually been taken by the ballet people, and the result is an organization which, though far from perfect, is something not possessed by any cities in the world except, perhaps, Moscow and Leningrad, the artistic virtues of which places have largely to be taken on trust.

It is easy to be prejudiced against much of the work of the Camargo Society by a certain air of pretentiousness apparent on the stage and by the incredible amount of windy nonsense talked about it in a sibilant *fortissimo* in the intervals by the whole-hog enthusiasts. Such temptations must be resisted. The opening programme showed a good sense of variety—the austere *Job*, with Mr. Vaughan Williams in one of his dignified but somewhat arid moods, a full-blooded Tchaikowsky ballet of the old school, and some modern jazz. The young men and maidens in *Job* took themselves desperately seriously; but this is a clever piece of work, dominated by the Satanic leaping of Mr. Anton Dolin. Tchaikowsky's *Lac des Cygnes*, went, I think, several degrees better, not only because Sir Thomas Beecham, who carries his own magic with him, was conducting and Mme Olga Spessiva was the exquisite *prima ballerina*, but because it was mainly an exhibition of dancing, which the other two ballets are not. *High Yellow*, the negro ballet with clever jazz effects by Mr. "Spike" Hughes, would have been doubly effective had it been half the length.

The Camargo *corps de ballet* is full of good material but it does not work as it should with the unanimity of a platoon of guardsmen; in this respect a Tiller troupe could win on points. But there is no doubt that the Camargo Society is full of keen young dancers and original ideas. A permanent British ballet is with us at last.

"OUT OF THE BOTTLE": Miss Frances Day, Mr. Arthur Riscoe, Mr. Clifford Mollison, and Miss Polly Walker in a scene from Julian Wylie's new musical production at the Hippodrome. It is based on Anstey's famous novel

...ated), Mr. Rolf Mueller, Mr. Frank Cellier, and Miss May Agate in a scene ...eatre by Leon M. Lion. The theme of this play, which is to "guy" ...preciation, gives much scope to two importations from the Fatherland

Any author who can flick wittily at hypocrisy and not try to smash it as if he were swatting a fly is sure of success. The jargon of the art world, the habit of praising a picture simply because it is by a well-known artist, just as wine is drunk by the label—this is even more imitative than moral hypocrisy. In *Hocus-Pocus* at the Garrick Mr. Austin Page has set out against picture-hypocrisy not as on a heavy crusade but just for the fun of the thing. He has enjoyed himself immensely and so do we and a sparkling little comedy is the result. There is sentiment and romance there too—exactly the right amount of it. I shall not be surprised if at last the Garrick Theatre has a genuine success. It will certainly be some time before we are again treated to sensational beguilements on its outside walls.

There is nothing sensational about *Hocus-Pocus*. It tells the story of Johann Liebl, a painter and a genius, who was neglected by patrons, dealers, and critics. A rich young woman who has a better eye for art than any rich young woman I have ever met suggests a subterfuge. Liebl with her help is to give a West-end show; but the pictures are to be described as the work of his son, a boy of fifteen.

The "infant prodigy" scheme is as successful in paint-and-canvas as it is with music. The pictures are acclaimed as marvellous (as, in fact, they are), £10,000 is realised by sales, the Private View is a fashionable function, and Leibl and the rich young woman, now richer than ever, go to Vienna and, presumably, live happily ever after.

The dig at the critics, etc., though hearty enough, does not ring so true as it might, since in the real sense their legs have not been pulled at all. That is to say, they have not praised bad art but good art, and their judgment is not at fault. There is, however, sufficient hocus-pocus to keep the comedy spirit alive. Besides, the author has given so much to delight us that it is ungracious to be meticulous over minor points.

Germany carries off the acting honours. Herr Walter Janssen as Leibl and Herr Rolf Mueller as his son—both of them carrying on a winning struggle with the English language—are as German as anyone to be found in a Stoll musical comedy. What is more important is that they are first-rate actors. Mr. Frank Cellier portrayed amusingly the perturbation of the proprietor of the picture-gallery when the truth is revealed; Miss May Agate, than whom there is no better character actress, is in her true form; and Miss Adele Dixon will probably be much better as the goddess-from-the-machine as time goes on. Mr. Page (who, let me add, is no relation of mine, and whose name is not Page) has written one of the best plays of the year.

To switch a play from New England to old Essex and to make characters obviously intended by an American author to be American talk of Thorpe-le-Soken takes a bit of doing. It has been done with much skill in the case of *The Vinegar Tree* at the St. James's Theatre, and the utter Britishness of that dignified drawing-room which drew a gasp of admiration as the curtain rose (the last scene was even better and more British) made me think we were back again at the St. James's in the days of Sir George Alexander. Until, that is to say, the butler appeared wearing a row of medals. No Alexandrine butler ever wore medals, and I am no more able to explain why this one did than I am able to tell you the point of the play's title, or even what a vinegar tree is.

Sasha

MR. ROBERT ATKINS whose performance as Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night* at the New Theatre has added considerably to its success. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Arthur Wontner are notables in the cast

But I do know that this is the sweetest and least vinegarish of comedies. In its jumble of misunderstandings it is a farce, but its methods are too quiet for farcical treatment and its lines too subtle. It is as slight as gossamer and to submit it to rigorous analysis would be equivalent to asking a member of the Royal Society to split up a meringue into its elemental parts.

A fluffy but charming middle-aged woman with a rich and grumpy husband thinks she recognizes a famous artist as a lover of five-and-twenty years before. She is ready to elope with him, receives an awkward shock when she finds he wants to elope with her daughter, and devotes her energies in Act III to preventing that disaster; she has a husband twenty years older than she is, and knows all about it.

The elopement does not take place, in spite of the fact that the fluffy one, in adorable forgetfulness, had not realized that her old lover was not a painter at all but a pianist.

In the hands of an actress less accomplished than Miss Marie Tempest, Laura Merrick might have been exasperating. Miss Tempest, a little under-toned on the first night, made her an amusing, attractive creature. Miss Celia Johnson, in a diabolically subtle little scene in which she pointed out the disadvantages of being virginal, was quite brilliant, and Miss Barbara Hoffe, in a shadowy part of which she made the most, was most decorative. Mr. Graham Browne put in a well sketched portrait of an elderly and choleric husband, who, it was pointed out, preferred to live in Essex in spite of the fact that he had plenty of money. Why this should be considered a form of eccentricity I leave to the American author to explain, together with my gratitude for a pleasant couple of hours.

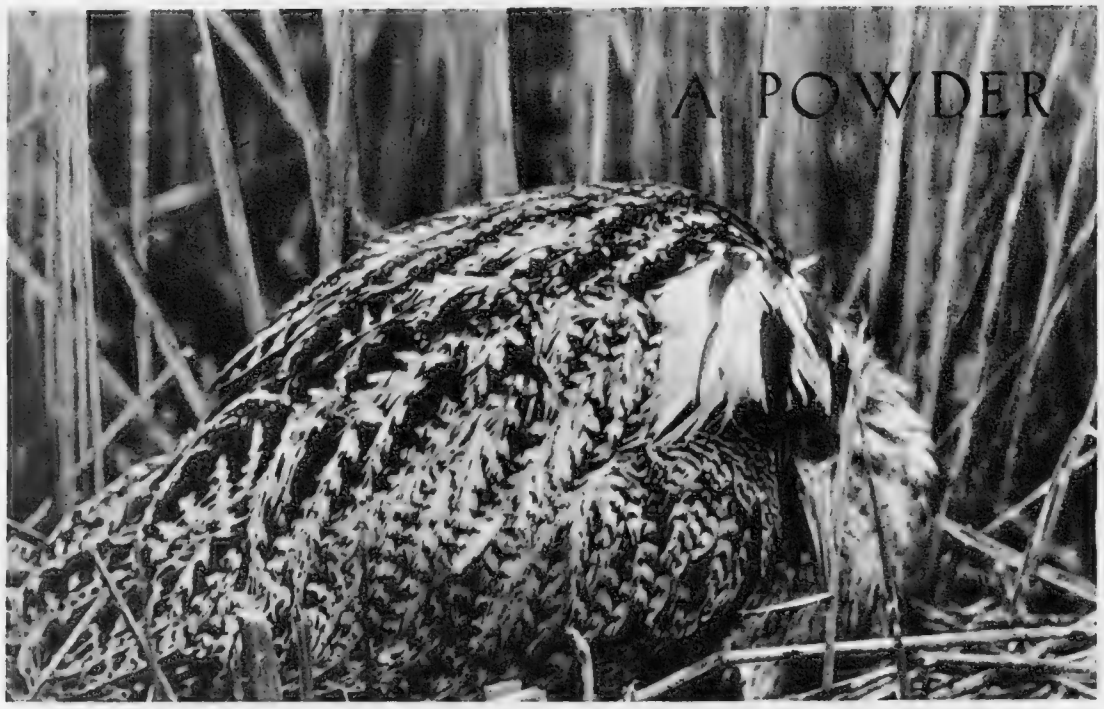
So pleasant is it to be able to welcome back to London Miss Irene Vanbrugh and her superb comedy acting, that her adorers would be inclined to overlook the shortcomings of a far worse play than *The Price of Wisdom*, produced at the Ambassadors Theatre. Yet this play has rather too many shortcomings—certainly many more than Miss Vanbrugh should expect to be inflicted with. That it gives her a suitable part is its only merit, and she plays with it and with the play like a great pianist showing technique in a mediocre concerto.

The Price of Wisdom could "get away with it" as a light comedy if only nearly everybody in the cast were not made to chatter heavily about honour and playing the game and all the rest of that jargon. The more they talked about honour the less honourably they behaved, whether they were blackmailers or nincompoops. Miss Vanbrugh, as a clever woman of the world, was neither one nor the other, for that would never have done. But she was quite unscrupulous in her scheming and, although ostensibly her purpose in emerging from the stagnation of a country house in Shropshire was to prevent her daughter making an ass of herself, I felt that Mary Temple, who is a passable addition to the long gallery of Irene Vanbrugh pictures, never really cared about anyone but herself.

The daughter was called Iridion, the oddest of Christian names. Iridium is, I believe, a metal both hard and rare, used for the tips of fountain-pen nibs. Iridion was hard and modern, and it was part of her mother's task to soften her into less formidable femininity. Miss Joan Henley had a difficult character to tackle here and did very well. An altogether admirable performance of an iridium-tipped financier, not averse from bargaining in a peculiarly unpleasant fashion, came from Mr. Harvey Braban. Mr. Braban, who until recently has been displaying a fine baritone voice down Hammersmith way—I shall long remember his M.F.H. in *Tantivy Towers*—has a knack of giving an individual meaning to every part he undertakes. In short, he is a first-rate actor of whom much more should, and will, be heard.

Mr. Walter Piers played an amiable colonel with distinction, and preserved his dignity even in a scene in which he had to behave like a sentimental schoolboy.

An uneven, rather disappointing play, but Miss Vanbrugh may drag it into something of a run. She makes one realize that perfection is always worth while for its own sake.



IN THE POWDER PUFF: The female bittern, having covered herself with eel-slime in the act of slaying her food by flicking it against the ground with her beak, preserves her feathers from contamination by dusting them over with her natural powder-down. She is here seen covered with the dazzling "powder" which absorbs the slime and renders the neck feathers "free"

EMERGING FROM THE POWDER PUFF: Once the powder has been put on the feathers by means of sinking her neck in her breast feathers, it is allowed to dry for twenty minutes or half an hour in the sun. Subsequently it is scratched off with the feet, much as a stiff brush is applied to a garment treated with a cloth-ball

A RESORT TO NATURE'S HAIR OIL: To fulfil its function a feather must be both "free" and waterproof. When covered in eel-slime it is not "free" and must therefore be treated with "powder-down"; this, however, though it takes off the slime, takes off with it the natural proofing oil. This is restored from an oil-gland set between the tail feathers and tail covers. It is first kneaded with the beak and then the neck is rubbed against it

A POWDER PUFF in NATURE

The Enigma of the Bittern Solved at Last

By LORD WILLIAM PERCY

The return of the bittern as a breeding bird to this country provides, perhaps, the most spectacular success that has attended the protection of birds during the last fifty years. That success must be attributed in the first instance, at any rate, rather to private effort than to protection afforded by the law of the land, for it was to Lord Grey of Fallodon, the late Lord Lucas, and some of their friends that it was mainly due. By them, in the years immediately preceding the War, the marshes of Hickling were virtually turned into a bird sanctuary, and efficient protection was provided for the birds that bred there. The first pair of bitterns that are known to have nested in England after a period of many decades were not, in fact, on the marshes of Hickling, but the descendants of this pair throve and bred on these marshes until the birds spread themselves over much of the surrounding country. To-day they are firmly established, and if the sole threat to their permanent presence in this locality consisted in their natural enemies, which are mainly hard weather and egg-sucking carrion crows, there would be no anxiety about their capacity to survive. Unfortunately, in this country egg collecting is still regarded as an intelligent hobby, if not as a contribution to scientific knowledge, and the senseless destruction of nests and eggs by boys, eliminated in other countries by popular education in natural history in the schools, is still rife here. Happily the bittern's nesting grounds are not readily accessible to the ignorant schoolboy, but the type of egg collector by whom a rare British bird's egg is valued in proportion to its rarity is still a menace to the bittern, and the type, though becoming rarer, is unfortunately not yet extinct.

A nest kept under close daily observation during the Spring of this year, besides yielding other interesting data, has given the clue to a long-standing puzzle in connection with a curious feature that appears on the bodies of the family of birds to which the bittern belongs. Herons and allied birds bear on their bodies certain patches of down of different colour and texture from the rest of the down on their bodies. These are known as "powder-down" patches, but apart from the somewhat wild guess made many years ago that they might have luminous properties which attracted fish, their use has never been explained.

It may be that these patches of powder-down have other uses, but the spectacle of a bittern making use of hers always once, sometimes twice and three times a day, can leave no doubt in the mind of the on-looker as to the desperate straits to which she would be reduced if she were deprived of her "powder puff."

The particular bittern referred to supplied her family with a diet consisting almost wholly of eels. I have never seen a bittern kill an eel, but have frequently watched a heron through the process. The eel is speared and carried away from the water. For a time nothing may be done to it but an occasional "flip" to ensure that its unerring instinct for the direction of the water is not rewarded. No one, not even a heron, wishes to be reminded too forcibly and for too long that he has eaten his dinner. The eel is therefore subjected to such a variety of poundings, shakings, pecks, and general maltreatment as to leave it inert and helpless, if not lifeless, its backbone perhaps dislocated in half a dozen places. It is, in short, "cooked" according to the bird's acceptation of that term.

This process is no doubt an admirable method of ensuring after-dinner repose, but it has the effect of smearing the head and neck of the hunter with slime from the body of the victim. There are innumerable patent "cleansers" on the market for the removal of grease and oil from human hands. The bittern requires a cleanser for a better reason, for while oily hands are dirty and uncomfortable a continued dirty or matted condition of a bird's plumage means death to the bird. Feathers can only perform their function if they are kept both "free" and waterproof. The powder-down patches supply the bittern's patent cleanser and she applies it by rubbing her head and neck up and down her "powder puff," removing it, after a proper interval to allow it to dry, by scratching it off with her feet. The powder has now cleansed her plumage, but it has also removed the natural waterproofing oil from it, and so the last act of her toilet must be a resort to Nature's hair oil carried in the large oil gland at the base of her tail feathers.

There is food for thought here for the most conceited of believers in the originality of the devices of civilized man.

Bitterns carried their "powder puffs" for thousands of years before the ladies of Mayfair acquired the habit.

WOMEN

In the Public Eye

COUNTESS CASTELBARCO, the daughter of Toscanini, the great maestro, is to entertain in London

Elliott and Fry

MISS JASMINE VAN DE WEYER, a niece of Lord Powerscourt, is a popular 1932 debutante

MLLE SUZANNE DANDIN, the prettiest girl in Brussels, has been engaged as head mannequin by Callot Sœurs

GREYERS form the really chic beach suit this year, the elaborate pyjamas of the last few seasons being out of tune with the times

MRS. HELEN WILLS-MOODY leaves her hotel for a little gentle practice on grass after the rubble of Auteuil. It was announced that, owing to a blistered heel, she would do little running, but it is doubtful whether many players could beat even a static Helen

Lenare

LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Minto, wearing a simply cut frock with a chaplet of flowers Lady Bridget is eleven

STOCKHOLM BY NIGHT: A vision of beauty to which the slender spires, typical of the Scandinavian perpendicular, lend a characteristic delicacy and grace. The illuminations render the vision of this nocturne of the northern Venice very lovely

Seeing SWEDEN By WATER

A Novel Method of Travel

Visitors to foreign countries are always finding themselves in something of a dilemma as to the best means of making actual acquaintance with the land and its people. Too often we return home little, if any, wiser than when we set out about the mode of living and the peculiar charms of the country visited. Trains travel too fast (and in any case, perpetual gazing from a window is extremely tiring). The same difficulty applies to a car, quite apart from

THE TROLLHÄTTAN WATERFALLS are one of the greatest delights of Swedish scenery

the trouble and cost of taking the car abroad. Liners touch but the fringe of a country. Motor coaches — well, we are not all particularly fond of motor coach travel. And walking—though there can be no better means of absorbing a country—is, for most of us, too slow.

We seem, in fact, to have exhausted the possibilities of locomotion. But not quite. In one country, at least, the happy medium has been discovered. Take a Swedish Lloyd liner from Tilbury to Gothenburg, or, if you do not care for the sea, travel by Harwich to the Hook and overland by Hamburg or Berlin and the train ferry to Sweden. Whichever way you choose, you will arrive at Gothenburg within a couple of days. And at Gothenburg, facing *inland*, you will find waiting a Göta Canal steamer. It is from this boat that you can enjoy a unique and altogether delightful panorama of Sweden.

The Göta Canal deserves much more attention than it has so far obtained. Imagine, if you can, a string of rivers, lakes, archipelago, joined together by lovely stretches of wooded, winding canal —a 350 mile highway cutting right across Sweden from Gothenburg to Stockholm: *that*, if you please, is the Göta Canal!

A degree of comfort amounting almost to luxury is packed within the small compass of the boats. Cabins possessing every requirement — saloons, an excellent table, and an observation deck fitted with luxurious armchairs set beneath an awning—make life very pleasant during the three all too short days of the journey.

Three days and two nights covering some 350 miles afford, most visitors find, the ideal speed of travel. The Göta Canal steamers are sufficiently speedy to guard against any risk of monotony, yet slow enough to ensure that you see all that Sweden has to show. Moreover, the timing of these boats has been skilfully arranged for the greater interest of the passengers. In order to cover the least interesting parts of the journey when most people will be asleep, the Göta Canal steamers are halted at special points for the passengers, if they wish, to go ashore

For example. You leave Gothenburg in the morning and sail up the charming Göta river, with old Bohus Castle packed on its hill on your left. Soon after lunch Trollhättan is reached, and here, whilst the steamer goes through a series of locks, the passengers have a couple of hours or so in which to explore the famous waterfalls and mighty power station. Just before evening falls the steamer comes out into great Lake Vanernn, Sweden's inland sea There is just time to see the beauty of its variegated shipping, its surrounding hills and castle by sunset. Then, after a real Swedish dinner, a smoke on deck, and many inhalations of the exhilarating air coming across the water, you can retire to your snug cabin.

The rest of the trip the high lights of which are Vadstena Castle, Motala, Borensberg, the Berg staircase of locks, the Arcosund archipelago, and the isle-powdered lake of Malaren, is as cleverly timed.

Soon—all too soon—the steamer's head nods gently against the wharf at Stockholm The shadow of a giant, wine-red brick tower slants across the deck. But the delights of your Swedish holiday have only just begun. So far, it has cost little, for the £ is worth 20s in Sweden. Certainly, 1932 is the time to go.

B. G. B.

MOORED IN THE MOAT at Vadstena Castle in the Göta Canal, one of the most fascinating of beauty spots

THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA is one of the high lights of the Antipodean trip via America

To AUSTRA

Via The

Any trip which necessitates a half circumnavigation of the globe must perforce prove interesting, but there are few journeys of such absorbing interest as

REDOUBLED delight on a cruise is afforded by the luxury of the ships' appointments

that to Australia or New Zealand viâ North America and the South Sea Islands.

This route might be called Australia viâ the Wonders of the World; so many places of interest and renowned beauty does it embrace. Its interest is enhanced by the fact that the modern luxury liner familiar to the travellers on the boisterous North Atlantic has now invaded the lazy South Seas.

On landing at New York you board a train for San Francisco; *en route* you pass places, the names of which are familiar to all. but which few are privileged to see in the course of one journey. Niagara Falls, Salt Lake City, the fascinating Indian country with its quaint pueblos. the magnificent Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park. Yosemite Valley, and finally the beautiful coast of California with its orange groves, all fall in the path of the giant locomotive that carries you west to the Pacific.

Ahead lies the unforgetable South Sea Islands, and you are about to embark on what might be called a Malaga *de luxe*. A Malaga is a jolly custom of the natives of Samoa, who board a canoe and set forth on a protracted cruise, stopping here and there where they will to be hospitably received by their neighbours

Instead of a canoe, however, you will find awaiting you one of the three new Matson liners, *Mariposa*, *Monterey*, or *Lurline*, of 16,000 tons gross, to carry you across the enchanted Pacific.

OF TRAVEL *

THE BEAUTY OF THE PACIFIC: An Hawaiian vista including cocoa palms and grass houses

LIA—
WONDERS of the WORLD

Your home will be virtually a floating town complete with power plant, waterworks, telephone service, a store, and daily paper—a town that will carry you towards your destination at 20½ knots, and remain cool in the hottest part of the day.

As you steam past old craters, bowing their heads as if in prayer to some ancient Hawaiian god, you will have at hand every comfort one finds inoa luxury hotel. Whether travelling first or cabin class you will travel in the quintessence of comfort.

You will no doubt bathe on the famous beach at Waikiki, and there will be no need to put away your bathing dress after leaving Honolulu, for two spacious swimming pools are at your service on board.

A FIJIAN IDYLL: A trio of natives caught by the camera of a *Mariposa* passenger

Five days' steam from Honolulu is Pago Pago, where "Rainmaker," the sacred mountain of the Samoans, towers over the villages.

Pago Pago is formed in the crater of an immense extinct volcano and is one of the most beautiful of all the lovely islands of these seas.

With the unforgetable farewell of the Samoan's "Alahoa" ringing in your ears you again enter the twentieth century to be carried swiftly towards Fiji.

So your joyous Malaga continues—Polynesia with its geysers and boiling springs, Auckland, New Zealand, and thence to Sydney, Australia, and so "Alahoa."

Forty degrees above the equator to 40 degrees below you have travelled in twenty-one crowded days. An interesting booklet on this fascinating journey is issued by Messrs. Pickfords, Ltd., 205, High Holborn, who are the European agents for the Matson Line.

A ROAD IN ALBEROBELLO: The architecture of these houses springs from the ancient straw or wattle hut still to be seen in the Campagna Romana. When the houses need more rooms another hut is joined to the first one till four or five cupolas mark the site of one house

The IDEAL HOLIDAY in ITALY

Warm Sunshine and Azure Skies

For those who are contemplating a Continental holiday in order to enjoy a moderately warm climate combined with plenty of sunshine and within easy reach of England, Italy certainly offers ideal weather conditions and attractions to its visitors.

The Italian people are delightful hosts, as all who visit their country find. They are very kindly and helpful, ready to do all in their power to make things easy and pleasant for the British visitor. There are no restrictions and no government taxes on tourists in Italy. Under the Fascist regime enormous improvements have been made in all travel services and in amenities generally. Railway stock is excellent, trains clean and punctual, roads have been repaired and new roads made all over the country, and Italy is now in the front rank as a country for motorists. Again, Customs and passport formalities have been simplified for the convenience of motorists: special English-speaking officials have been placed on frontier roads; in fact everywhere there is an air of well-being and well-doing which all adds to the enjoyment of the traveller from other lands.

No one need fear that the journey to Italy will be tiring and tedious. It is in fact a very simple matter, thanks to the many through carriages, 1st and 2nd class, and sleeping-cars. Places on 1st and 2nd class and restaurant cars can be reserved beforehand from London, the Channel ports, and Paris to Italy. On trains from Calais, Ostend, and Paris, and on nearly all night trains in Italy there are now both 1st and 2nd class sleeping-cars.

One can avoid night travel by using the day express service from London (9 a.m.) to Basle (arrive 10.45 p.m.), thence to Lake Como and Milan, which are reached at about mid-day or the early afternoon. An alternative is to leave London in the morning or afternoon and spend the night in Paris, and proceed by day thence to Italy viâ St. Gothard, Simplon, or Mt. Cenis. By this route one experiences that gradual increase in the power of the sun, which is so welcome to those in search of the genial warmth which Italy can give. Second class railway accommodation in Italy is similar to third class in this country, but more comfortable. Many express trains have 2nd class sleeping cars.

Among the districts and centres specially attractive in summer time are the following: The Dolomites; the Aosta Valley and its side valleys, many other valleys in the Italian Alps; the Lakes (Maggiore, Como, Garda, Orta, Varese, Iseo); the Adriatic and Mediterranean seaside resorts; the islands of Capri and Brioni; the hill town and resorts of Tuscany and Umbria (Apennines).

LAKE MAGGIORE seen from the woods above Arona. Opposite rises the convent of Augera

The hill towns and resorts of Tuscany, Umbria, Lombardy, and Emilia are most pleasant in summer.

If not travelling in a party, sightseeing can still be quite economical if, in the larger towns, one joins the small parties which set out daily from the various tourist offices; this can be arranged for before leaving this country, as also can the hire of private cars and services of competent local guides for sightseeing expeditions. In small places a reliable guide book is obtainable, and can make one quite independent of other assistance. It is scarcely necessary to add that everywhere in Italy the services of first-class private guide lecturers are available. The colourful hill towns of Italy are a great attraction to visitors. Pompeii, for instance. There is a wonderful fascination about this ancient city and its history. Imagine a modern city of to-day with its teeming life and customs not only suddenly stopped but preserved so perfectly that, centuries later, its life could be opened up and lived over again. As you walk over its cobbled streets, its stones worn into grooves by the actual wheels of Roman chariots, imagination is not necessary to bring back the past.

F.G.B.

A VENETIAN CANAL, the painted poles in which are surmounted by acorn caps. Against them the gondolas swing

The EVENING TOILETTE

Whatever may be said for the more unsophisticated gowns, for the charm of piqué and the allure of muslin, classic lines remain the privilege of the more glamorous type. Black romaine, backless but for straps heavily embroidered with diamanté, expresses the gown at the top of this page from Marshall and Snelgrove. *Above* the same dress is shown in full length with the exquisite moulding of the bodice and the becoming fullness at the knees which flows on into a short train

Lower right — Gold tissue is the chosen medium for this draped evening wrap lined with cherry red velvet. Velvet also faces the cuffs of the unusual pointed sleeves and forms a scarf end to the fur-trimmed collar. From Marshall and Snelgrove

SEASONABLE THINGS

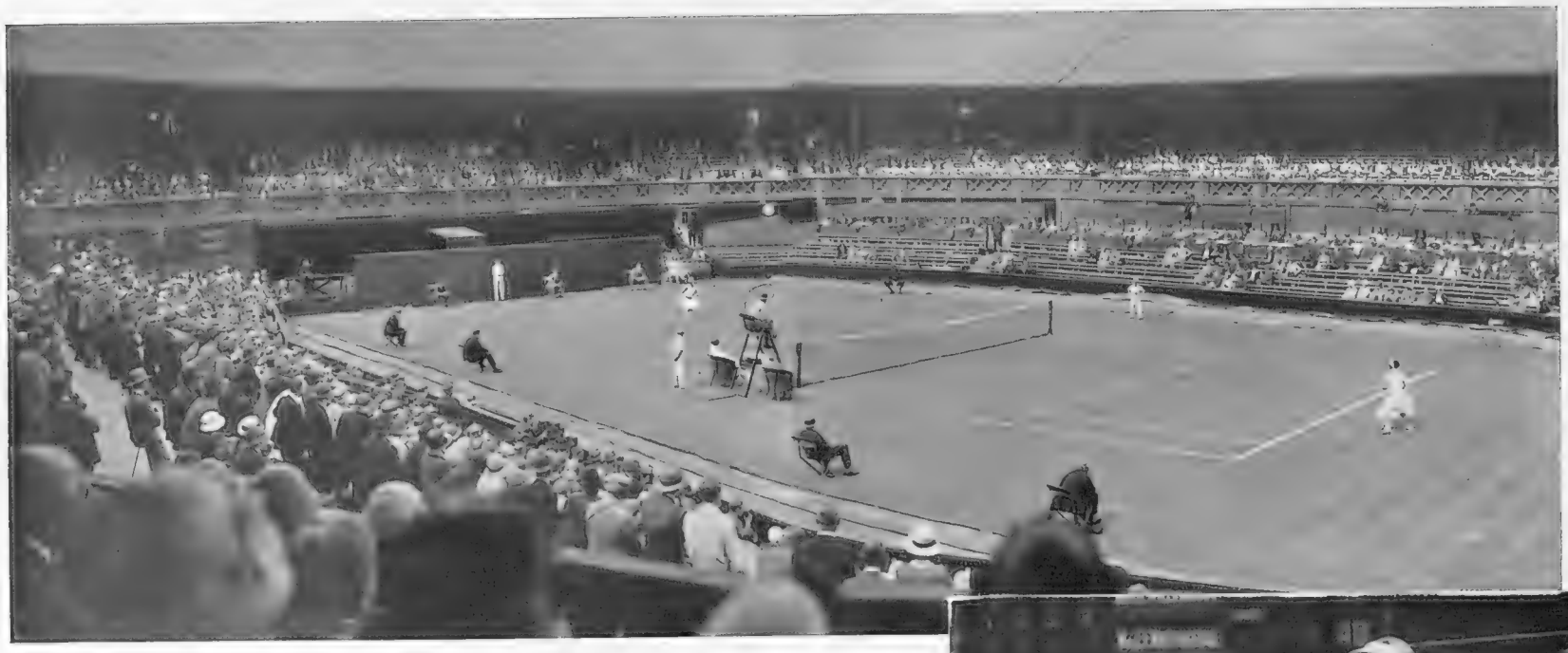
Georgette and lace are still a popular combination for more formal summer occasions. This delectable model in mushroom pink, fitting slimly over the hips, billows softly at the knees and has a bolero effect and unusual wing sleeves. *Below,* a near view from the back showing the delicate design of the lace. From Marshall and Snelgrove

Helen Macgregor

Organdie, the favourite medium for "young" gowns, makes its appearance on the left in white with a printed design of cool blue, pink, and green. A cluster of poppies is fastened at the neckline. From Debenham and Freebody

Right: A demure basque and a bustle bow impart a certain piquancy to this gown of printed ninon in canary yellow and green which is worn over a slip of plain yellow. Ruched ribbon outlines the basque and collar with yellow. From Debenham and Freebody

SPORT of MANY KINDS on MANY FIELDS



THE OPENING MATCH of the Wightman Cup was played by Miss Dorothy Round and Miss Helen Jacobs on the Centre Court. Miss Round was beaten in straight sets. The U.S. won four matches on the Friday and Great Britain the remaining three on Saturday

HIGH KICKING marked Miss Round's action. On form, this stylish player perforce played No. 1, but she dropped both her singles and the only double in which she was engaged

AMERICAN PLAYERS in the first double of the Wightman Cup. Mrs. Harper and Miss Jacobs (above) beat Miss Round and Mrs. Michell. America won by 4—3

THE BRITISH SUCCESS: Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, who has sustained severe criticism of late, beat Miss Jacobs, took four games in a row from Mrs. Moody, and, with Miss Nuthall, defeated Mrs. Moody and Miss Palfrey in a thrilling double

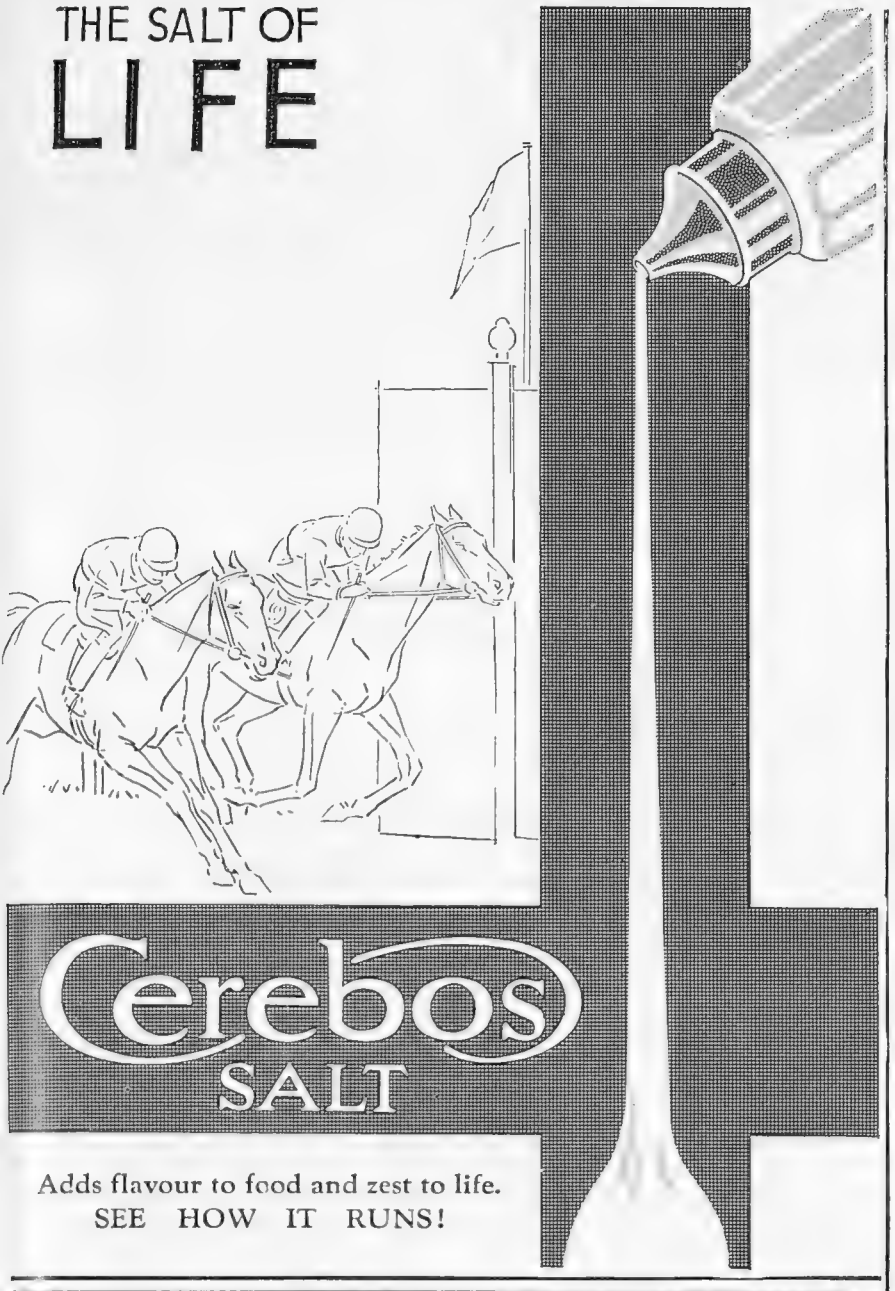
RESPIRATORS were worn in a canoe race on the Medway at Tonbridge as the water was unsafe for bathing in the upper reaches owing to sewage pollution and spills are always on the cards in this type of craft

AMERICA'S GENIAL CHAMPION: Gene Sarazan who won the English Open Golf Championship at Sandwich with a record score of 283. He is the ninth successive U.S. entrant to win

AN EMPIRE RECORD MAKER: J. E. Loveiock (right) the New Zealander of Achilles A.C. and Oxford, receives congratulations from J. E. Cornes on his world's record for the ¾ of a mile—established in 3 min. 2⅕ sec.

A BOYS' EVENT—won by V. G. Guest—in the Civil Service Athletic Sports meeting at Stamford Bridge, the meeting in which Lovelock established a new world's record for the ¾ mile of 3 min. 2⅕ sec.

THE SALT OF LIFE



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Turn back the clock of history, and come face to face with the splendour of old Turkestan. Walled and towered cities, bright-hued bazaars, vivid medley of races, winding streets and caravans still following the ancient routes. See the developments now being achieved under the Five-Year Plan in this age-old world of wonder. Travel in comfort along the great new Turk-Sib Railway. Rates from £165.

Write for Booklet TS.

SOMETHING REALLY NEW IN CRUISING!

The Soviet Icebreaker, *Malygin*, comfortably appointed and offering facilities for scientific observation and bear hunting, etc., will sail from Archangel on August 1st for her second annual Arctic Cruise. Visit Cape Flora, where the historic meeting between Nansen and Jackson took place; Franz Joseph Land, Rudolf Island, Novaya Zemlia. See the secret places of the Arctic and all the wonders that explorers have described to the world, the huts left by the Baldwin and other expeditions; the new schools and social services introduced for the first time by the Soviet Government in the Samoyed Settlements—the dawn of a new life in the Arctic. Rates from £122. *Write for Booklet MS.*

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Per dozen - £5 18 3
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Per dozen £4 11 3
Tea Spoons.
Per dozen - £2 15 0

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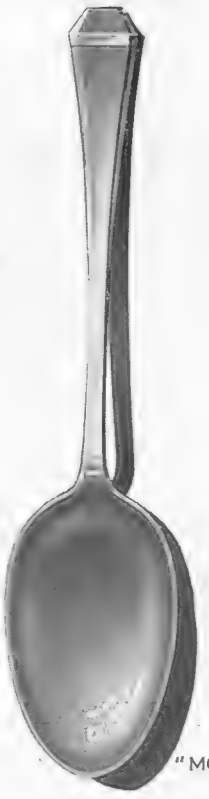
Table Spoons and Forks.
Per dozen - £5 6 9
Dessert Spoons and Forks.
Per dozen - £3 19 9
Tea Spoons.
Per dozen - £2 6 6

"MODERN"
Table Spoons and Forks.
Per dozen - £6 18 0
Dessert Spoons and Forks.
Per dozen - £5 4 6
Tea Spoons.
Per dozen - £3 5 0

"MODERN"



"MODERN"

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CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET. NO OTHER ADDRESS.

FIGHTING FOR THE LEAD: C. J. F. Dodson (No. 3) and G. E. Nott (No. 4) passing through Hillberry during last week's race for the Senior Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS: Prince George shaking hands with Stanley Woods, the young Irishman whom he saw win the Senior Tourist Trophy race at an average speed of 79·38 m.p.h.

SPACIOUS LONDON: An unusual view of Queen's Road, Battersea, as seen from the top of the Battersea gas-holder, believed to be the tallest in Europe

THE SYMBOL OF VICTORY: Miss Joan Richmond, who with Mrs. Wisdom won the 1932 1,000-mile race at Brooklands, acknowledges the chequered flag at the finishing post

* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE LAW AND THE MOTORIST.—The more I read of the difficulties which confront motorists, particularly in connection with new legislation, I form the opinion that as a body motorists are very poorly represented and organized when their liberties are attacked. The moment anyone suggests that a person who has said his early prayers before breakfast, has paid his weekly visit on Sunday morning to his local parish church, should be prevented from partaking of a little mental relaxation by visiting a cinema on a Sunday, the Lord's Day Observance Society immediately rushes forward and says all cinemas must be shut. Why cannot we motorists have the same vigorous representation when new legislation is proposed to curtail our liberties? There is a body in existence called the Motor Legislation Committee, and so far as I know they do quite a lot of work on our behalf, but the worth of any institution must be judged by results. Two matters have recently come to my attention which show unmistakably that our legislators have imposed quite ridiculous restrictions on our motoring. After all, our law-makers cannot be blamed for making technical blunders, but the motoring public expect their representatives to go through the projected Bills in order to prevent anything absurd being passed into law.

AERIAL DISPLAY AT LONGBRIDGE: A moment during Birmingham's National Aviation Day Display, organized by Sir Alan Cobham, held on the Austin Motor Company's flying ground adjoining the works at Longbridge

SPLITTING HAIRS.—The other day I read that a car driver had been summoned for not having an effective mirror on his car because at night time he pulled the blind over the rear window and his mirror was carried inside his saloon. The case for the prosecution was that when the blind was pulled down the mirror was put out of action. This statement is perfectly correct, but as we all know few things can be so dangerous as a mirror which reflects into the driver's eyes the glaring headlamp beams of the car behind. Apparently, according to law, drivers must be blinded in this manner unless they wish to run the risk of prosecution. So far as my car is concerned the mirror is outside the body, but when evening comes on I push it out of the way so that headlamps behind are not reflected into my eyes. I shall continue to do so as I prefer the risk of prosecution to that of having an unnecessary accident. In view of this successful prosecution by the police I, like other motorists, would like to know why the Motor Legislation Committee did not spot this obvious flaw in this new regulation.

The second trouble, which is at present a topic of conversation amongst motorists, is the breakdown in the compulsory insurance scheme. Quite naturally a motorist who is under the impression that the Government has given its blessing to an insurance company has a rude awakening when that company goes into liquidation and his Government approved policy ceases to have any value except that of the paper on which it is written. It shakes his confidence as well as making him dive once more into his pocket, and perhaps rather deeply if he is the unfortunate victim whose claim has sent the company into queer street. Here again I must frankly admit I expected better things of the Motor Legislation Committee.

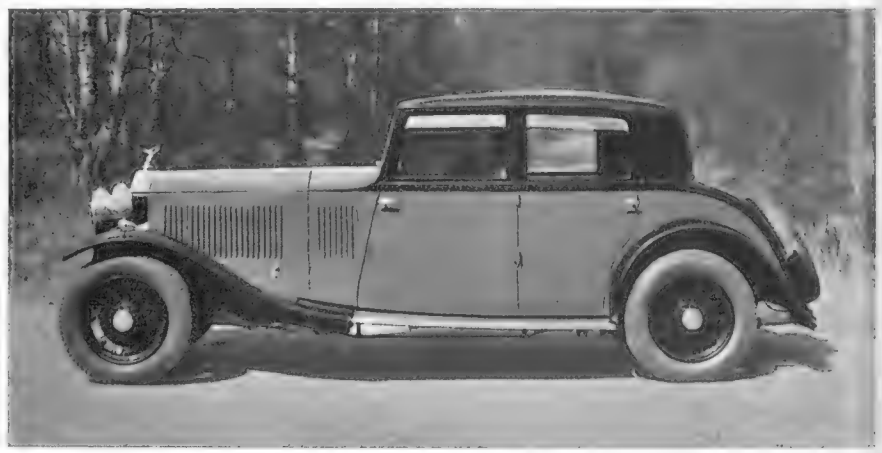
UNCONSCIOUS ROAD-HOGGING.—When people draw a long face and tell me that the number of accidents is increasing yearly I usually become quite unsympathetic because I am amazed that more accidents do not take place. There is a Providence, we are told, that looks after fools, and it must be this supernatural guardianship which prevents the number of accidents every year being doubled. Every day I go out in my car I come across at least one idiot who is asking to be "put on the spot" through his own absurd driving. He gets away with it, not through his skill, but through that of the other road users whose unhappy lot it is to meet him. They save him from himself, though in his own mind he probably thinks he is a skilful, clever, and experienced driver. I am firmly convinced that the man who cuts in and nearly takes off my off-side front wing in a frantic endeavour to rejoin his stream of traffic never imagines for one instant that he is causing any inconvenience, and likewise the driver who overtakes on the brow of a hill, at a crossing, or a blind corner, and never has the misfortune to find his road blocked ever considers himself anything but a good driver. For all I know, I or my readers may drive in this manner without our knowing it, and so I think it would be a good plan if we went out of our way and asked an experienced driver to come as our passenger every now and again, and candidly tell us what he thinks of our driving.

In the air, after a pupil has obtained his "A" certificate, he is usually asked to return to his school when he has completed an additional number of hours in the air, so that he may be taken up by an experienced instructor to correct any faults which he may have developed in the interval and of which he himself has no knowledge. I really think that experienced drivers might very well imitate this procedure in the air world, and perhaps many of us would find out that we are not nearly so good drivers as we imagine.

Talking of accidents prompts me to remark that the number which regretfully do occur is very much less than would be the case if there were no such thing as white, or what are now yellow, lines. Of all the ideas which have been put into practice to make driving on the road safer, none has produced better results than these lines. Even where no lines are painted on the road round the bends, motorists now keep to their right sides, and thus driving is far safer. It is only on very rare occasions that any of us meet an idiot who flies round a corner on his wrong side, whereas five or six years ago one went round a corner with the same fear that I would expect a murderer to possess when approaching the scaffold.

IN CASE OF FIRE.—Talking of the air reminds me that there is more than one thing which we motorists might well imitate from our flying friends. In every aeroplane a fireproof bulkhead has to be placed between the engine and the front cockpit. If this is not in position and is not of satisfactory construction the necessary certificate of airworthiness will not be granted. In a motor-car such a bulkhead is seldom fitted, and in racing circles things are even worse, because usually there is not even a piece of wood between the engine and the driver's feet. The most obvious place for a fire to start is the carburettor, and if the car is going fast so that the wind is rushing through the radiator the flames are forced back towards the driver and his passengers. A fireproof bulkhead would obviously do much to minimize the risk of a fire reaching the occupants of the car, and so I cannot understand why makers do not give us protection which at the outside might cost them 5s., and in any case most people would willingly pay the extra amount without question.

There have been numerous examples of accidents in the racing world, not all of them fatal I am thankful to say, where the driver has been burnt seriously in this manner.



APEX OF THE COACHBUILDER'S ART: An attractive saloon of sporting type by Thrupp and Maberly on a 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis which has recently been supplied to the order of Mr. Geoffrey Smith, a director of Iliffe and Sons, Ltd.

SCOTLAND THIS YEAR

ABERDEEN Mountain and Sea Air. Fine Sands. Golf. Tennis. Bowling, etc. Pleasure Gardens. Dance Hall. Theatres, etc. Near Royal Highlands. *Town Clerk, Dept. ZB.*

BANFF on the Moray Firth. Ideal for a Restful Holiday. Beautiful Surroundings. Bracing Air—Plentiful Sunshine. Good Golf and Fishing. Tennis. Boating, etc. *Town Clerk, Dept. ZI.*

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VICHY-CÉLESTINS is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally. Its gently stimulating effect is welcomed in all cases of sluggishness. Vichy-Célestins may be taken at meals and at any other period of the day.

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CONTINUATIONS

BOOKS—(Continued from p. 480)

doctor. Another is a professor who bungles everything. Another is a railroad manager on whose railway strikes always occur." Northcliffe called to see his Paris agent. "The Old Man was in a bad mood. After turning Day inside out for about twenty minutes, he said to him: 'You ought not to represent the Paris *Mail*—why, you don't even know how to address me. You should say "My Lord"! Get out!'" Such is the new aristocracy.

Northcliffe was too much for even Mr. Wareham Smith. "Alfred was the only man in my life I could never stand up to. Kings, princes, dukes, duchesses, big business men, I have handled in my time, but Northcliffe always had me beaten. I got nervous every time he got on the 'phone and every time I saw his handwriting. When angry he could be brutal." One of the surprises of Mr. Wareham Smith's book will be that so many men the reader has never heard of seem to have been running the British Empire. But they did not do it by spilling any ink, the job of the journalists. They talked more, wrote less, drew more, and at the end it was said of them—(now, Sir). Northcliffe met his Waterloo twice. He failed to make the public wear the *Daily Mail* hat, and he got badly mauled by Lever in the soap battle. I marvel throughout this book that it did not happen at the hands of one of his employees, but they seem to have been hypnotized by his genius.

Mr. Upton Sinclair is the stormy petrel of modern letters. He cannot write without a great hate behind him. It is to his credit that he has always tackled Goliath. He sprang into world fame by his exposure in *The Jungle* of the canned meat industry of Chicago. But since those days, as a tireless Socialist, he has gone on attacking the present order of Society, not always with reason, but never without courage. In *Candid Reminiscences* (Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.) he tells the story of his first thirty years. It covers a varied field and a choice selection of cranks. That he can be quite blinded by his own deep prejudices is very clear. He believes that Walter H. Page was swallowed alive by Balfour and other British Tories during the World War, and the following passage is so utterly ludicrous that one begins to doubt the most obvious statements of Mr. Sinclair's after his travesty of truth regarding the inhabitants of this island:

"A ghastly thing to see the effect upon the human race of slow starvation continued through many centuries. Here were creatures distorted out of human semblance; swarms of them turning out on a Bank Holiday to play, having forgotten how to run, almost how to walk, shambling like apes, drooping like baboons, guffawing with loud noises, speaking with a jabber hardly to be understood. They lay around on Hampstead Heath, men and women in each other's arms, a sight new to an American. Whether they were drunk or sober was difficult for a stranger to tell."

That is England, according to Mr. Sinclair—the jungle again, it would seem. Elsewhere, in the House of Commons, he gazed on "rows of savages in silk hats, roaring for what little blood was left in the veins of half-starved miners' families."

Mr. Harold E. Scarborough is a more balanced observer. *England Muddles Through* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is the work of a patient, shrewd mind. An American correspondent, he has lived here long enough to understand the slow English character. The book should be read by Englishmen, and though it will often startle it will always seem reasonable. The great revolution that has taken place in Society, taken place so quietly that we are scarcely aware of it, is here revealed in all its thoroughness.

Mr. Hamilton Gibbs's new novel *Pawns* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) has Vence, in the Alpes Maritimes, for its setting, a country the author knows well, and with this background of beauty he has sketched out a vivid human drama in which the chief actors are Philip Jocelyn and Jeanne Ricou. While on a sketching tour in that village Jocelyn meets Jeanne and forgets Millicent in the village in Buckinghamshire. The plot is simple and obvious enough, but Mr. Gibbs invests it with passion and reality, carrying the idyll forward to a poignant finale. The life of the small French village is most admirably presented, and he gives us in a modern version the story of *Aucassin and Nicolette*. *Regiment Reichstag*, by Kurt Lamprecht (Constable. 7s. 6d.), is the story of the gallant handful of men who saved Berlin and Germany from the horrors of a red revolution in the days following the Armistice. This saga of a few men's heroic stand against the lawless mob has been forgotten by history, and the book brings back to mind a story that has the heroic qualities of ancient times.

IF ENGLISH COUNTY CRICKET FAILS

(Continued from p. 469)

10s. allowance for hotel tips. "It costs at least £6 a week in extras," one amateur told me, "and if you are the captain you naturally wish to buy drinks for the opposing amateurs. My cricket costs me at least £200 a season, quite apart from the fact that my wife usually accompanies me. There are so many other odds and ends. I start the season with at least nine pairs of white flannels—obviously one fields in one pair and bats in another. I also have about a dozen shirts. There are incidentals in the way of pads and bats and gloves. Above all, there is the laundry bill. And believe me, that is not a small item. Of course, for fellows on the Stock Exchange who have nothing to do in the depression it would be hard to find anything more economical. But there again, it depends on the county for which you have the honour of playing. It is grand if you live in London and play for Middlesex. You can come up from the City by tube for fourpence. A county like Kent, however, with about nine grounds, is a different matter. The amateur is always playing away from home, going as far as Dover in one direction and Tonbridge in the other."

So much for the amateurs, who will always be the backbone of the game, with the professionals playing the part of the vertebræ. Unless we have a hot June, July, and August, together with the prophesied activity on the Stock Exchange and a general all round improvement in shares, the crick in the neck of cricket is going to become a cervical fracture.

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A boy who was admitted into Bisley School (which is one of the branches of the above Society) in 1907, and later transferred to the Training Ship *Arethusa*, is one of four of the same family helped by the Society, and has now risen to the rank of Lieut.-Commander, R.N. (retired). One year he represented the Royal Navy at Bisley, firing for the King's Prize. Surely the great work that the Society is carrying on is worthy of your support. Will you please send a donation to help in this work of training poor boys and girls to become useful men and women? All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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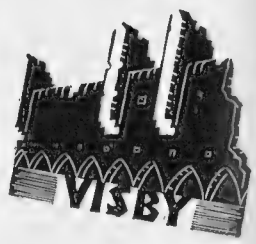

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NOTES and NEWS

DISTILLERS SPORTS CLUB

The Distillers Sports Club (composed of the London staffs of the various companies embodied in the Distillers Co., Ltd.) held its second annual athletic meeting in the club grounds at East Moseley Court on Saturday, June 4. The whole of the programme was carried through in a most expeditious manner. The meeting consisted of thirty-five events which had to be contested in 2 hours and 40 min., but such was the good work of the officials that all these events were completed five minutes ahead of time.

This year the meeting was more in the nature of a gymkhana than was the previous one and it included a number of humorous events which caused much amusement among the spectators as well as among the competitors. The "Harvey" Cup for inter-office events was again won by the staff of the United Yeast Company with a total of 24 points. They beat the runners-up—Messrs. John Walker and Sons, Limited, by five points. The "Connell" Cup for the best individual athlete was retained by the holder—Mr. R. J. Coulling of the United Yeast Company with 12 points.

Last year a band and the Pipers of H.M. Scots Guards were in attendance, but it was impossible to obtain the services of the latter this year owing to the date coinciding with that fixed for the Trooping of the Colour. The club, however, found a very efficient substitute in the "Ampligram," which provided amplified gramophone records and also a microphone for announcements. The latter was invaluable for keeping the spectators in touch with all that was going on over the large field, and assisted considerably in keeping everything up to time. Another large factor in running the meeting expeditiously was the attendance of Mr. W. H. King and three assistants from the Amateur Athletic Association. These gentlemen are near neighbours of the Distillers Sports Club, as they hail from Imber Court—the Headquarters of the Metropolitan Police Sports Association, who kindly lent most of the sports gear for this meeting.

At the conclusion of the programme the prizes were presented by the Lady Forteviot, and many handsome trophies were handed over to the respective winners. Among those present were Lord and Lady Forteviot, Mr. and Mrs. T. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dewar, Mr. Wm. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. T. Horace Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ross, Mr. J. H. Duff, Mr. G. S. B. Jameson, and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman.

The outdoor programme was followed by an equally attractive programme indoors, where two very good concerts were presented, the majority of the artists being members of the staff. Dancing followed at the conclusion of the concert.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ANGLERS

In that sporting and fishing paradise, New Brunswick, Canada, there are still available some ten to twenty ten-years' angling leases, costing from as little as £25 or so per annum to £250. These are Provincial Government granted leases, and apply to long stretches of lovely rivers, and beautifully situated lakes which offer an unsurpassed range of angling. These waters teem with trout of different varieties, bass, Atlantic silver salmon, land-locked salmon, sea trout, and other game fish. For parties of anglers forming syndicates to select and take over such of these leases as may suit them, every facility can be secured with ease and at moderate cost in this ideal country for the angling enthusiast.

The fishing season is from April to October. Provincial regulations are framed on generous lines for visiting anglers' enjoyment. Climate and conditions of sporting holiday life are full of invigorating delight. Further particulars of the fishing leases still available through the Provincial Government, and suggested plans and estimates for angling and recreational outings in this entrancing district, may be arranged for through the Canadian Pacific, 62–65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1, who maintain a bureau of service and information especially for those interested in hunting or fishing holidays, or both, in Canada.

AT THE DISTILLERS COMPANY SPORTS CLUB MEETING: From left to right standing in front row—Mr. William Harrison, O.B.E., Director of the Distillers Company, Ltd., and Managing Director of Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd.; Mrs. T. Wilkinson; Mr. T. Wilkinson, Director of the Distillers Company, Ltd., and Managing Director of Messrs. John Haig and Co., Ltd.; The Lady Forteviot (who presented the prizes); Lord Forteviot, Director of the Distillers Company, Ltd., and Managing Director of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Ltd.; and Mrs. and Mr. T. Horace Harvey

MISS JELLY D'ARANYI, who has generously promised to give in the afternoon of July 7 a recital in aid of the East End Hostels Association. Lord Howard de Walden is allowing the function to take place in Seaford House, Belgrave Square

"SHOW BOAT"

In THE SPHERE of June 4, a picture of the new "Show Boat" appeared on p. 375, the letterpress beneath which erroneously described it as being organized by the Port of London Authority. This mistake occurred owing to a confusion between this privately run floating cabaret and restaurant which makes tours through the Pool of London and the P.L.A. vessel which makes trips to display the wonder of the London Docks and the Pool of London to visitors and residents alike. THE SPHERE regrets that it should have inadvertently associated the "Show Boat" with the Port of London Authority.

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That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden, mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies, setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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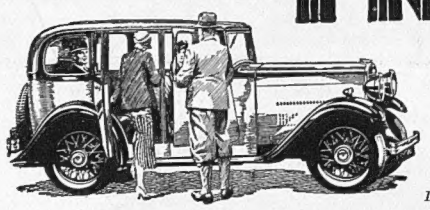

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Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Brockenhurst	Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill	Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
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Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
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Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
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Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.

Monty makes himself too clear.

Travers: "You certainly did old Monty a good turn by introducing him to 'Duggie.'"

Sir Edward: "Why, what's happened now?"

Travers: "Well, you know what a pernickety kind of chap Monty is, and how he always repeats things to make himself clear?"

Sir Edward: "Do I not! I nearly missed getting my money on April the 5th, at Epsom, while Monty was telling me some woeful story about being let down by his Bookmaker, and I promised to introduce him to 'Duggie.' But what has he done now?"

Travers: "Well, he wanted a 'pony' each way Anna, and as he was staying with an aunt who strictly disapproves of gambling, he sent the wire off in code."

Sir Edward: "I see."

Travers: "Afterwards, getting windy that he might have made a mistake and not be 'on,' he managed to send what he thought to be a confirmatory wire without using the code."

Sir Edward: "Quite typical of him."

Travers: "Well, to cut a long story short, Anna, as you know, won the Newbury Cup at 100/8, and when Monty got his account from 'Duggie' on Monday morning he was amazed to find a cheque enclosed for £781/5s."

Sir Edward: "Sounds rather too much. What happened then?"

Travers: "He rang up Temple Bar 4466 to enquire why he had received a cheque for double his winnings, pointing out that he had only wagered a 'pony' each way."

Sir Edward: "And quite rightly, too."

Travers: "'Duggie' explained that there was nothing in the second wire to indicate that it was only confirming the previous one and that each telegram, therefore, constituted a separate wager."

Sir Edward: "Good for 'Duggie'! Never takes advantage of the backer—that's what makes me so *enthusiastic*."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON

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